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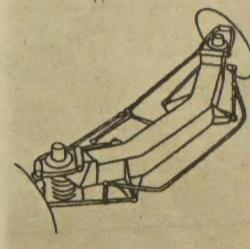
polished walnut panelling, finely grained hide upholstery.

The price is £1,215 plus £507 P.T., total £1,722. "Selectric" gearbox £43 extra.

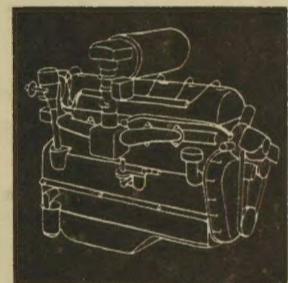
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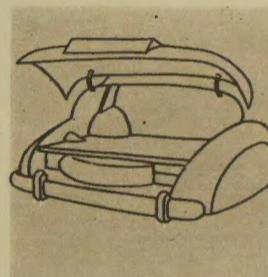
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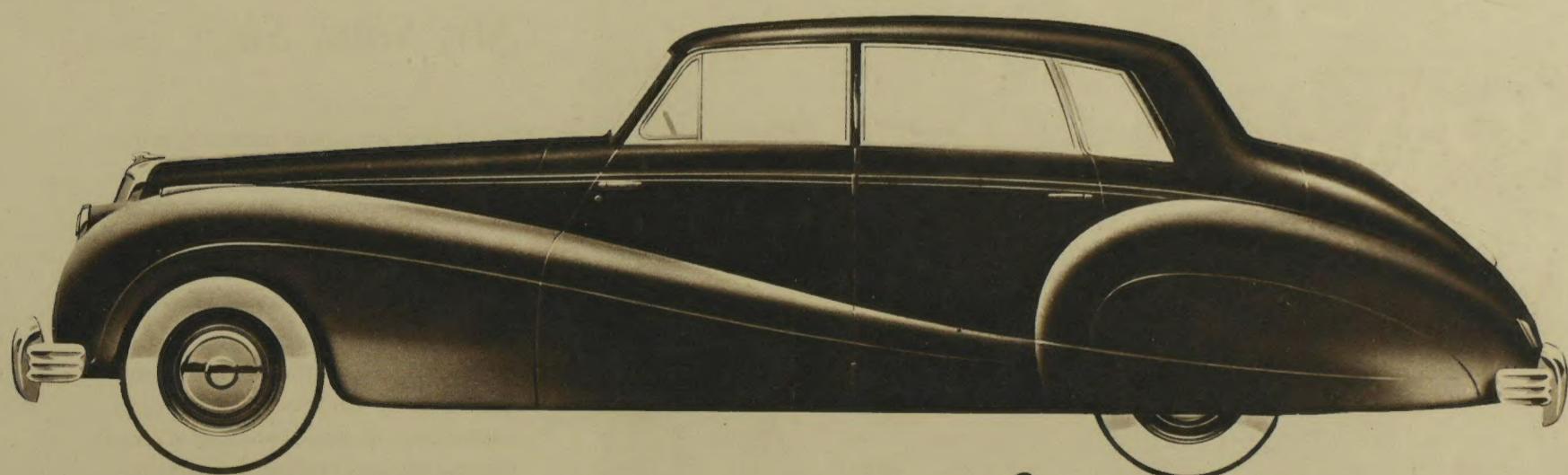
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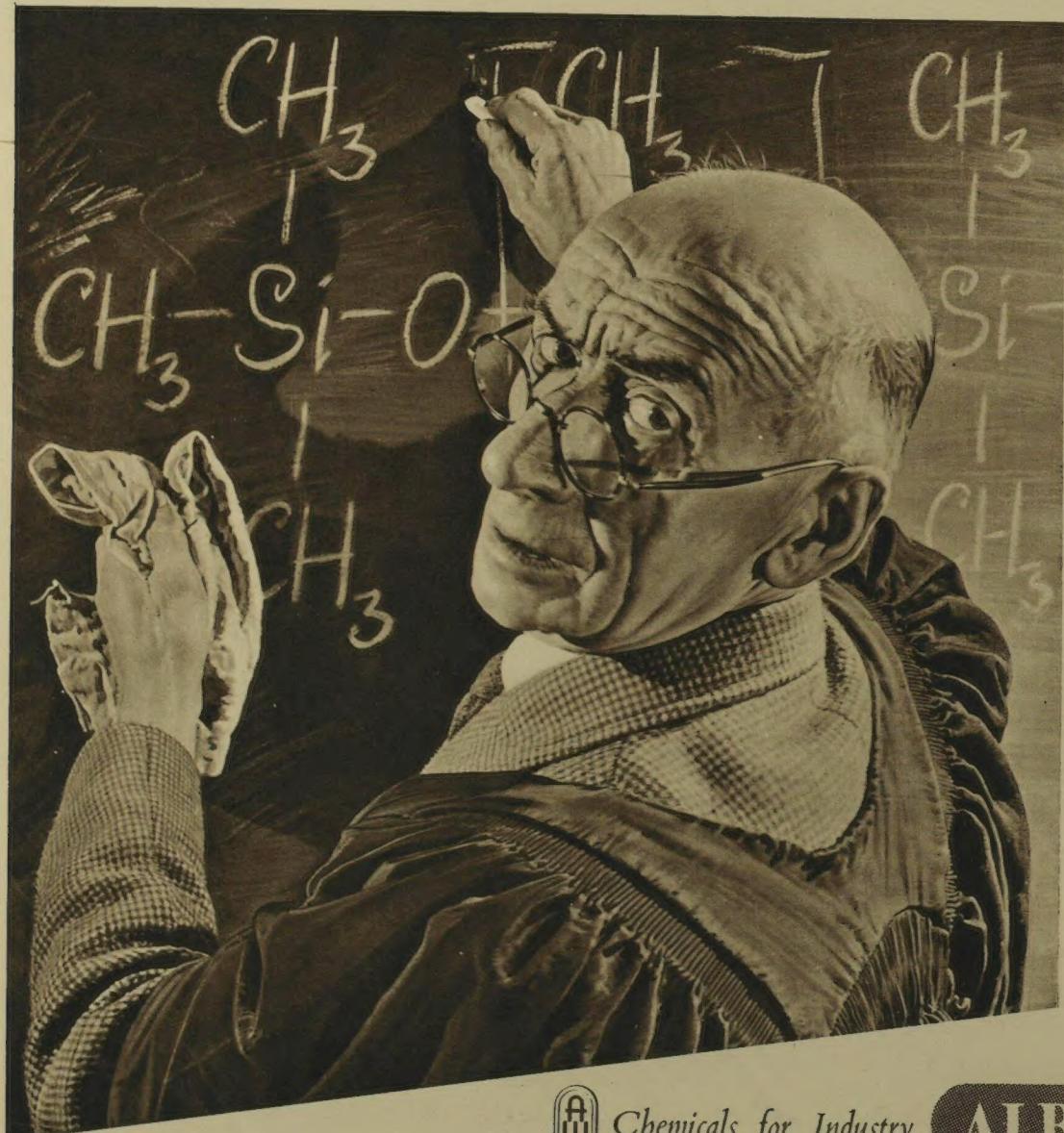


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Mr. Sims, Sir?

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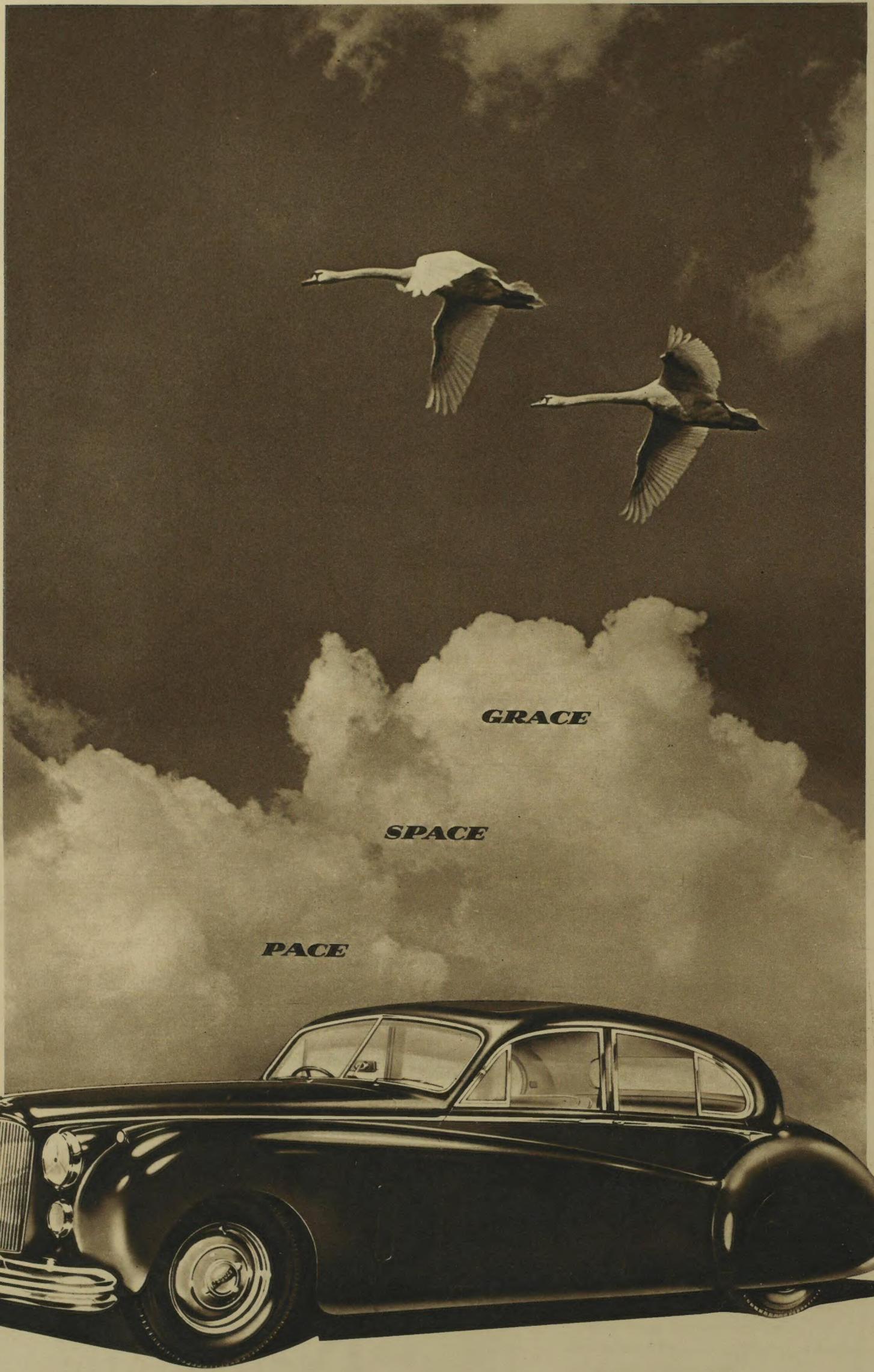
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1953.



THE FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS: MRS. VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT, REPRESENTATIVE OF INDIA, AND SISTER OF MR. NEHRU.

On September 15, at the opening of the eighth United Nations General Assembly in New York, Mrs. Pandit was elected President by 37 votes against the 22 cast for Prince Wan Waithayakon, the Siamese delegate. Mrs. Pandit, who has now five times headed the Indian delegation to the United Nations and has been her country's Ambassador at Moscow and Washington, is the daughter of a wealthy Brahmin lawyer, Motilal Nehru;

and sister of India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. She was born in 1900 and was educated privately in England, Switzerland and India. In 1921 she married the late Ranjit S. Pandit, and with him and her brother became followers of Gandhi in the Nationalist movement, serving three prison sentences for her part therein. She has three daughters and four grandchildren. She is expected to make a good President of the General Assembly.

Camera study by Karsh of Ottawa.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is not often in these days, I find, that politicians give one unmitigated pleasure. Their words and deeds seldom suggest that they were designed by Providence to do so! They fall, ordinarily, into that category of useful but tiresome objects, like motor-vehicles on the footpaths in the Park, low-flying jet aircraft and the next-door neighbour's wireless, that are sent, in the popular phrase, to try us! But Pandit Nehru is clearly an exception. The cricket match he organised this September in Delhi, in aid of the Flood Relief Fund, between two teams of legislators captained by himself and the Vice-President of India, Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, must have given delight to millions, and not only in India. It certainly did to the writer of this page. Unfortunately, the shortage of newsprint and the absorption of most of what there was by such tiresome matters as the recriminations between the parties to the Korean truce, the cost of guided missiles and the differences of opinion between Marshal Tito and Signor Pella about the future of Trieste, left so little room in the newspapers that day that even that recorder of matters truly important, *The Times*, was only able to give the briefest account of the match. Yet everything it did record about it raised one's opinion of human nature and good sense, and gave one a better hope—little sustained by anything else in the news—of the future of mankind. For instance, enrolled under Mr. Nehru's banner was Mr. A. K. Gopalan, the leader of the Communists in the House of the People, and a man who, less usefully and enjoyably employed, might, in pursuit of his Party's strenuous and uncompromising professions, have conceivably been planning Mr. Nehru's incarceration or some great *coup* on the model of those with which events in Eastern Europe have familiarised us, for the establishment of a Communist People's Republic in India—activities which, however much calculated to advance the cause of Marxist progress, would have been bound to cause a considerable amount of disturbance and unhappiness in a world already painfully full of both. Instead of which this worthy man, who had only taken up the game of cricket, it would seem, within the last fortnight, went for the bowling like a Jessop or Macartney, and in a manner which an English professional cricketer of the present day would do well to try to emulate. It may be true, as *The Times* reported, that his action towards the bowling was "somewhat more that of a sickle than of a hammer," yet he clearly grasped the essential spirit of the game. Were Mr. Malenkov to do the same—or even honest Mr. Dulles—the world might soon become a happier place and its impending destruction at the hands of those who wish to improve it a good deal less imminent than at the moment it appears to be. And I particularly enjoyed the account of Mr. Nehru's own spirited part in the game; when caught between the wickets owing to Mr. Gopalan's omission to run with him, he insisted on declaring himself morally out and his side's innings at an end, though the wicketkeeper, out of deference or courtesy, had declined to remove the bails. The Prime Minister of India modestly observed before the match that he had not played cricket for forty years, and his style of batting, *The Times* correspondent suggested, tended to confirm his admission. But he certainly had not forgotten how to play the game, and in its best spirit, and an Harrovian cannot but feel satisfaction that he learnt it, like Mr. Churchill, Field Marshal Alexander, Sir Walter Monckton and a number of other great men, in the shadow of the hill and the elm-trees at Harrow.

"No matter," we used to sing there,

"we learnt it at Harrow,
And that was the way that we won!"

And even if Mr. Nehru on this occasion did not win, any more than Field Marshal Alexander did in an even more famous cricket match forty-three years ago, a moral victory is as good as any other, and the match at Delhi was a moral victory for Mr. Nehru and everyone else concerned in it, as well as a most valuable contribution to and a splendid advertisement for the Flood Relief Fund. It was also, I felt, a moral victory for England.

For what I find so moving in the present relationship between India and Britain is that India has voluntarily adapted so much, apparently utterly alien to her own tradition and culture, that belongs to England's social heritage—her parliamentary system, the standards and methods of her Civil Service, the organisation, regimental system and noble subordination to civic authority of her Regular Army, and even, it now seems, her use of sport, and cricket of all sports, as a solvent of overstrained political enthusiasms and fanaticisms, while rejecting that imperial rule and domination over palm and pine which during the nineteenth century and the early years of this was Britain's greatest pride and source of self-congratulation. "Wider yet and wider," we sang confidently as the reign of Edward VII. dawned, "shall thy bounds be set," but it now seems that it was not the bounds we meant that were to widen. It was not the bounds of Empire, but the bounds of parliamentary procedure, of Civil Service etiquette and of legal procedure, and even, it would appear, of the rules of cricket. It is not the Union Jack that flies over Lord Curzon's imperial Delhi, but, over at least a small but not unimportant corner of it, the black and golden banner of the M.C.C.! It is Ranjitsinhji, not Clive or Wellesley, who has bound our two nations in an indissoluble bond. It may seem a little matter, yet it is one which may still change the fate of the world. A real working partnership between Britain and India—and by India, I mean all India and include Pakistan—could prove in years to come the keystone of a peaceful Eastern Hemisphere. It may be years before it comes, but the spectacle of Pandit Nehru going in to bat at Delhi with the leader of the Communist Opposition has filled me with a wild and perhaps illogical hope and belief that in the fullness of time it will come. This is a better thing than Whitehall giving rule to 350,000,000 Indians. This is a seed that England planted growing into a tree. And many trees can make a forest.

For what is heartening to anyone who is proud of the long past association of Britain and India is to realise that when India rejected the British *Raj* and Britain accepted that rejection, India did not repudiate what England had taught her. She did not reject Shakespeare and Hampden, Bracton and Blackstone, Wilberforce and Gladstone, Henry Lawrence—wisest and noblest of all the sons of Britain who served India—and honest old General Monck. Nor did she reject W. G. Grace and C. B. Fry. She only rejected inequality and national subordination, imposed authority and alien bureaucracy: things which, when one comes to consider them objectively, were not really part of Britain's tradition at all. And what a strange aberration it was, and what a reversal of the true English tradition, when Britain in India during



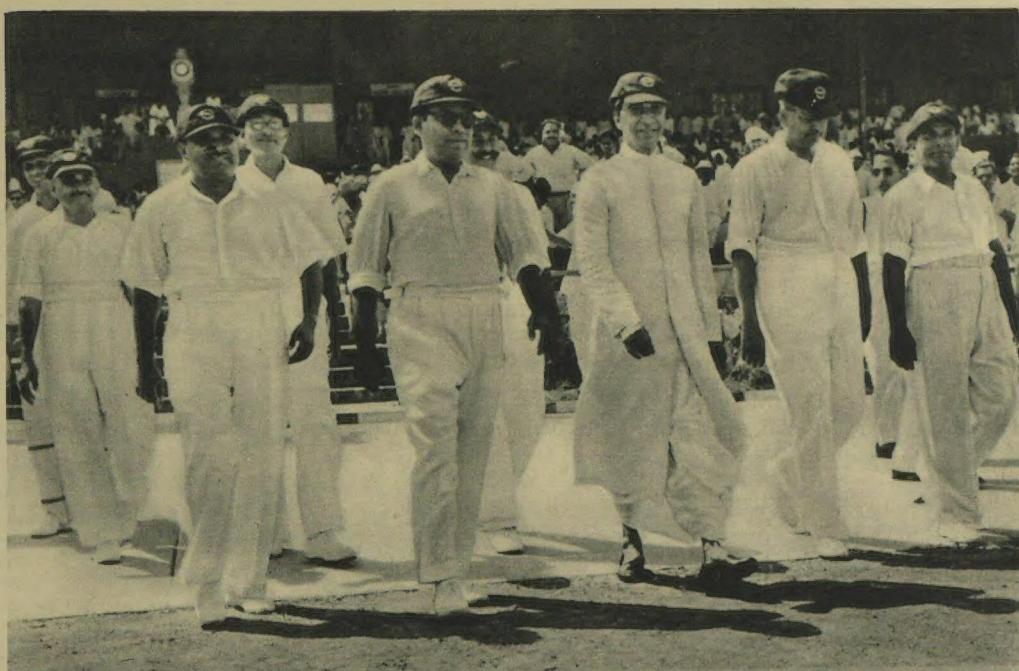
PARLIAMENTARY—AND CHARITY—CRICKET AT DELHI: THE TWO CAPTAINS: MR. NEHRU (CENTRE), THE PLAYING CAPTAIN OF THE HOUSE OF THE PEOPLE XI.; AND (RIGHT) SIR SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN, THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN OF THE STATES HOUSE XI.

The two-day cricket match between the two Houses of the Indian Parliament which raised about £7000 for the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund, was played at Delhi on September 12 and 13. While, as Dr. Bryant points out on this page, Mr. Nehru learnt his cricket "like Mr. Churchill, Field Marshal Alexander, Sir Walter Monckton and a number of other great men, in the shadow of the hill and the elm-trees at Harrow" and presumably also at Trinity College, Cambridge; the captain of the States House XI, Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, may be presumed to represent the senior University, since he is a Fellow of All Souls and was Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford from 1936-52. Sir Sarvepalli was, however, a non-playing captain, and his team was led in the field by the Maharaja of Dungarpur.

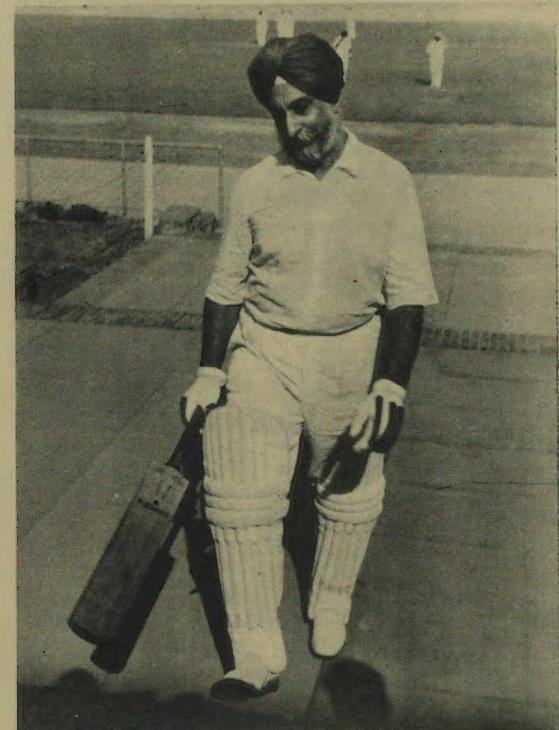
the early nineteenth century abandoned the wise principle that Wellington used in his Indian days to preach, and Raffles and Brooke of Sarawak—both trained by the old East India Company—used to practise, that in her dealings with another people she should never trample on their Government or annihilate it, but should aim only at guiding and influencing by methods of justice, tact and scrupulous respect for native rights and traditions. It was the substitution by impatient reformers of direct British rule in India for indirect influence, and the consequent unhappy segregation of the British in India as a superior social and racial caste—so at variance with the wiser and far more gentlemanly tradition of the East India Company that continued, a seeming anachronism, with such happy results until recently in the little Protectorate of Sarawak—that led in our own century to the Indian rejection of the British *Raj*, and is threatening to-day to lead to a similar rejection in most of the lands over which direct British bureaucratic rule prevails. To guard liberty, to keep peace, to ensure to others the right to rule themselves according to their own beliefs and traditions, and to afford to all men the example of her own toleration and peaceful forms of life and self-government, here lies England's real function and mission in the world. And an Englishman, and fellow-Harrowian, who does not always see eye to eye with Mr. Nehru, can only record with gratitude that great statesman's understanding of the fact.

IN THE TRADITION OF LORD'S—AND WESTMINSTER:
PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET FOR CHARITY, AT DELHI.

THE CAPTAINS INSPECT THE MATTING PITCH: LEFT, PRIME MINISTER NEHRU; CENTRE, IN DARK CAP, SIR SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN.



MR. NEHRU'S TEAM BATTED FIRST; AND HERE SIR SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN (IN DARK SHOES), THE OPPONING (BUT NON-PLAYING) CAPTAIN, IS LEADING HIS TEAM ON TO THE FIELD AT THE START.



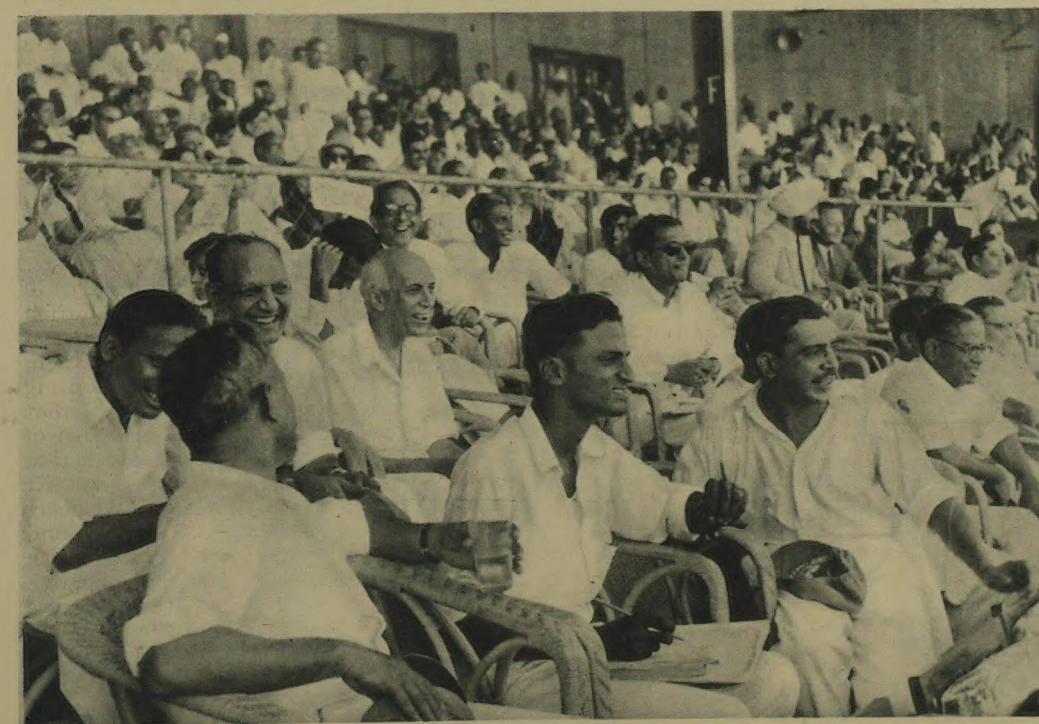
THE TOP SCORER AND DEPUTY DEFENCE MINISTER, SARDAR SUJIT SINGH MAJITHIA, WHO MADE 105 NOT OUT.



PANDIT NEHRU SCORING A SINGLE TO LEG: "MORALLY RUN OUT" AFTER HIS NEXT SCORING STROKE, HE SPORTINGLY DECLARED HIS SIDE'S INNINGS CLOSED AT 222 FOR THREE WICKETS.



A PRIME MINISTER AT THE WICKET: MR. NEHRU IN HIS FIRST GAME OF CRICKET FOR FORTY YEARS.



THE DELIGHTED PRIME MINISTER AND HIS TEAM DURING THE EXHILARATING CENTURY OF THE DEPUTY DEFENCE MINISTER, WHO AT ONE POINT SCORED 26 RUNS IN A SINGLE OVER.



AFTER THE MATCH, MR. NEHRU AUCTIONED TWO CRICKET BATS, SIGNED BY COMMONWEALTH AND WEST INDIAN PLAYERS.

The Parliamentary cricket match, to which Dr. Bryant refers in "Our Note Book" and which we illustrate above, took place at Delhi on September 12-13 between the Prime Minister's XI., captained by Pandit Nehru and drawn from the House of the People; and Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan's XI., drawn from the House of the States. Its object, primarily, was to raise funds for the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund, and this it did—to a total of over £7,000; but it also served

to entertain—it was watched by large crowds; to alleviate the rigours of Parliamentary strife—Communist Members showed great good will in the game; and to illustrate the great spirit of Parliamentary compromise—since, when Mr. Nehru was morally run out but the wicket-keeper declined to remove the bails, the Prime Minister cut the Gordian knot by declaring. Scores: Nehru's XI., 222 for 3 and 169 for 3; Radhakrishnan's XI., 233 for 6 and 95 for 5.

LAND, SEA AND AIR EVENTS RECORDED BY CAMERA:
DISASTERS, MANOEUVRES AND COMMEMORATIONS.



THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: STANDARD-BEARERS OF THE R.A.F. ASSOCIATION ABOUT TO ENTER THE CATHEDRAL ON SEPTEMBER 20 IN A PROCESSION OF SOME 750 MEN AND WOMEN FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE R.A.F.



THE FIRST ALL-JET FLY-PAST IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN ON SEPTEMBER 15 WHICH WAS LED BY A SPITFIRE AND A HURRICANE: CANBERRA JET-BOMBERS FLYING OVER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



A WRECK IN WHICH FIVE MEN LOST THEIR LIVES: THE GRIMSBY TRAWLER HASSETT

ON THE ROCKS AT ACKERGILL, CAITHNESS, BEING POUNDED BY ROUGH SEAS.

On September 18 the Grimsby trawler 'Hassett' ran on the rocks at Ackergill, Caithness, and was swept by rough seas. Wick lifeboat, a life-saving apparatus crew and the destroyer 'Scorpius' co-operated in the rescue operations and fifteen men were taken off by breeches-buoy. Five members of the crew were lost.



A TRAIN DISASTER IN WHICH SEVERAL PERSONS WERE INJURED: THE DAMAGED COACHES OF AN ELECTRIC TRAIN WHICH OVER-RAN THE BUFFERS AT GUILDFORD.

On September 18 the 3.12 p.m. electric train from Waterloo to Guildford over-ran the buffers at Guildford at high speed and the front coach ploughed through the station-master's office and the inquiry office.



AMONG THE SMALLEST VESSELS TAKING PART IN EXERCISE "MARINER": FAST PATROL BOATS OF THE GAY CLASS AT SEA, TO TAKE PART IN THE OPERATIONS.

Our photograph, taken from a naval helicopter, shows four of the Royal Navy's new fast patrol boats of the 'Gay' class on their way to take part in Exercise "Mariner," the largest combined manoeuvres yet staged by N.A.T.O. They are among the smallest ships of the Royal Navy involved and are 75 ft. long and mount two 21-in. torpedo tubes.



MAKING A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY: THE PLANT CENTENARIAN, A SPECIAL TRAIN HAULED BY TWO G.N.R. ATLANTICS, LEAVING KING'S CROSS STATION FOR DONCASTER.

In order to celebrate the centenary of the Doncaster locomotive works three railway enthusiasts organised the 'Plant Centenarian', a special train which left King's Cross Station for Doncaster on September 20 hauled by two G.N.R. Atlantics, one built in 1898 and the other in 1902. Both were brought out of retirement for the journey.

THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF ARNHEM: DUTCH TRIBUTES.



COMMEMORATING MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH AND DUTCH FORCES WHO DIED TO LIBERATE THE NETHERLANDS: QUEEN JULIANA LAYING A WREATH ON A NEW MEMORIAL AT ARNHEM.

ON September 17 H.M. Queen Juliana unveiled in the square near the Great Church at Arnhem a memorial to the members of the British forces and to members of the Dutch Services and Resistance Movement who died in the liberation of the Netherlands in 1944-45. The memorial is the work of Mr. Jacobs van den Hof, and shows a recumbent figure with outstretched arms in a repelling attitude. Round the base of the memorial are smaller figures expressing the despair, resignation, sorrow and faith with which men reacted to the horrors of war. Among those present were the British Ambassador, Sir Nevile Butler, and Major-General R. E. Urquhart, Commander of the 1st British Airborne Division in September 1944. In a speech the Burgomaster of Arnhem described Sir Nevile Butler as the representative of "the nation that gave so many of its beloved sons to fight in the struggle against oppression and slavery."



AFTER LAYING A WREATH ON THE NEW MEMORIAL: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR NEVILE BUTLER, PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH AND DUTCH WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE LIBERATION OF THE NETHERLANDS.



THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF ARNHEM: DUTCH CHILDREN PLACING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES OF MEMBERS OF THE 1ST BRITISH AIRBORNE DIVISION AT OOSTERBEEK—AN ANNUAL CEREMONY WHICH THIS YEAR WAS LINKED WITH THE UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL IN THE SQUARE NEAR THE GREAT CHURCH AT ARNHEM BY H.M. QUEEN JULIANA.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IT is extremely unlikely that you will know exactly what I mean by a manavilin bed. If you know what manavilins are you may have a clue, but as very few folk

seem to know, nowadays, the meaning of that pleasant and useful term, I had better explain that first. Manavilins is a perfectly good dictionary word, meaning unconsidered trifles, odds and ends—especially of food. In the old sailing days sailor-men went ashore and collected manavilins—fresh fruit, meat and vegetables—and may be a nice parrot in a cage. In gardening, manavilins are mostly those ends and odds, cuttings, seedlings, seeds, Irishman's cuttings and plants that all good gardeners delight in giving and receiving when they visit one another's gardens.

The manavilin bed is an invaluable garden adjunct, a sort of reception area for certain types of plant which don't fit very happily into other parts of the garden. Mostly they are small, or smallish, anything from 3 or 4 ins., shall we say, to a couple of feet or so in height.

It may be that they would look fine in the rock garden. But perhaps you have no rock garden. Lots don't. On the other hand, the type of plant I have in mind would be lost in almost any herbaceous border, whether it is the sort that runs to a mad riot of barbaric colour, or a tone poem of tender pastel shades, or a colour scheme, founded on the spectrum, and looking like a Neapolitan ice. Some of the very nicest and most interesting gardens that I know are just one big manavilin bed from beginning to end. Their owners collect plants, each for its own individual beauty and interest, and they aim at planting each in the position in which it will grow best, and show off its particular charms to the best advantage. That is the general aim in such gardens. In them you will find no herbaceous borders, no set rose-garden, no rock garden even—though you may find small eruptions of rock here and there, arranged to frame certain rock-loving plants, and to meet their special needs. But you will find, nevertheless, lots of herbaceous plants, and rose bushes, and rock-garden plants escaped, as it were, from their conventional beds, borders and Alpine territories, and standing about the garden, singly and in groups, like guests at some extremely cosmopolitan garden-party. Such gardens, however, are relatively rare. Their owners are what are known as "plantsmen," a delightful race, whose skill in acquiring and growing beautiful and interesting plants really well is equalled by their generosity in giving manavilins to their friends.

The manavilin bed is very like the "Billiard-table Garden" which I described in a recent article. The billiard table is a raised bed, contained by brick or stone walls—or old railway sleepers. It is usually rectangular—a not too wide oblong is convenient—and is anywhere between 2 and 3 ft. deep. The bed is filled with special soil for the cultivation of favourite small plants which will not tolerate the natural soil of the garden. Peat, for instance, in a chalky or limey garden, or light gritty soil for growing an assortment of Alpine and other dwarf plants where there is no rock garden for them.

The manavilin bed may be any shape or size that is convenient, and that circumstances dictate. It need not necessarily be raised above general ground-level, though if it is raised a foot or so the plants will probably appreciate the extra drainage, especially if the general soil of the garden is heavy. As to the

MANAVILINS BED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

soil for the manavilin bed, that is purely a matter of taste—the general taste of the plants to be grown. It need not be anything very elaborate and special. Good, fairly rich light loam, with perhaps a dash of sand and peat added, would be my ideal.

And the plants? The choice can, should and probably will be very wide. But remember, the idea is not to produce any particular effect. The bed is almost purely a reception centre for a large number of small and smallish plants for which there is, perhaps, no rock garden, and no appropriate place in the

All I will attempt will be to suggest and describe a few types of plants, of the sort that are likely to join the manavilin family. One or two of the smaller choicer columbines, such as

the sumptuous *Aquilegia glandulosa*, a dwarf in stature with vast, spreading, short-spurred blossoms in sapphire and snow-white. With their enormously wide flapping petals, they remind me of Sisters of Mercy in their great linen head-dresses. *Aquilegia alpina*, too, if you can get hold of the true thing,

and also *Aquilegia ecalcarata*, a funny little funny, with a whole constellation of small, spurless, pinkish-chocolate blossoms.

Anemone pulsatilla is often difficult to place happily where there is no rock garden, so that the manavilin bed will suit it well. The best of all forms of this variable species is the one known as *A. p. "Buda Pest,"* which has very large lavender-blue flowers, with a rich silky fur on its stems and the backs of its petals. The exquisite shell-pink *A. p. "Mrs. Van der Elst"* is, as far as I know, extinct, but before entirely passing out it gave rise to a race of pulsatillas whose flowers range from pink almost to cherry red. *Anemone blanda* should be happy and well-placed among the manavilins, pink, lavender, white, violet in endless variety in early spring.

Sisyrinchium odoratissimum (alias *Sympyostemon narcissoides*) flowered uncommonly well here this summer, though it would have shown to better advantage planted in the comparatively open conditions of a manavilin bed than mixed up, as it was, with a number of rather too overpowering herbaceous neighbours. There are two quite distinct forms of this delightful species, or, no, apparently there are three. I collected the original seed from plants growing among low heathy scrub on Elizabeth Island, in the Straits of Magellan. Very few flowers remained on the plants when I found them. Only enough to tell me that seed must be collected. I only noticed one form at the time, though which this was I can not remember. In one form the very elegant little trumpet-flowers are clear, soft butter-yellow. In the other they are strongly marked with dark purplish-red lines. The one described in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" as "dirty white" I have never seen. The smaller, daintier *Sisyrinchium filifolium*, the "Pale Maidens" of the Falkland Isles, with flowers like white snowdrops with purplish lines would also find a congenial setting in the manavilin bed.

The slow-growing *Daphne retusa*, making a dome of dark evergreen, and carrying intensely fragrant pinkish blossoms might well go among the manavilins. It is too choice a thing to go among mixed shrubs in any ordinary border.

Lastly, I would suggest the manavilin border as a safe refuge for many of the smaller, choicer bulbous plants, such as the crocus species, *Crocus chrysanthus* in its many exquisite forms, *C. imperati*, *C. susianus*, *C. sieberi*, and many others. Also the dwarf species of tulip, such as the butter-yellow *Tulipa batalini* and the "Lady Tulip"—*T. clusiana*—and, of course, the dwarf early-flowering irises such as *I. histrioides major*, *I. reticulata*, the golden *I. danfordae*, etc.

And so, having thrown out a suggestion, and offered a hint or two, I will leave it at that, and leave it to each to collect the manavilins that take his or her fancy. The important thing is to have such a bed, or several of them. It will solve many a difficult housing problem, and prove an endless source of interest.



AN IDEAL SUBJECT FOR THE MANAVILIN BED: *SISYRINCHIUM ODORATISSIMUM* (OR *SYMPHYSTEMON NARCISSOIDES*), A CHARMING PLANT WHICH MR. ELLIOTT COLLECTED ON AN ISLAND IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN. THERE ARE TWO FORMS, ONE BUTTER-YELLOW, THE OTHER MARKED WITH DARK PURPLISH-RED LINES.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

herbaceous border. I will not attempt to give anything like a full list of plants for the manavilin bed. That would be dull reading, and far too extensive. And remember, the idea is not to buy or otherwise acquire a collection specially for the manavilin bed, but rather to have a pleasant asylum for a miscellaneous assortment of smallish plants which come your way more or less spontaneously in one way and another, as gifts, by purchase, or collected in the wild.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LT-GEN. SIR CHARLES LOEWEN.
Appointed G.O.C.-in-C., Far East Land Forces, in succession to General Sir Charles Keightley. Sir Charles Loewen, G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command, is Canadian-born and bred and attended the R.M.C., Kingston, before being commissioned in the British Army in 1918. He commanded the 1st Infantry Division at Anzio.



THE REV. A. C. MACINNES.
Nominated by her Majesty as Bishop Suffragan of Bedford in succession to the Rt. Rev. C. T. T. Wood, who is to retire at the end of October this year. The Rev. A. C. MacInnes is at present vicar of St. Michael's, St. Albans, and also Rural Dean of St. Albans.



MR. FREDERICK GRANT, Q.C.
Appointed independent chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Iron and Steel Federation—an office vacant since the death last year of Sir Andrew Duncan. Mr. Grant was educated at Fettes and Oriel, Oxford, called to the Bar in 1925, took silk in 1943, and is a Bencher of the Inner Temple.



SIR ASHLEY CLARKE.
To be Ambassador at Rome in succession to Sir Victor Mallet, who is shortly retiring. Educated at Repton and Pembroke, Cambridge, he has served in the Foreign Service in Hungary, Poland, Turkey and Portugal, and has been Deputy Under-Secretary, F.O., since 1950.



MR. R. E. BARCLAY.
To be Deputy Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in succession to Sir Ashley Clarke. Born in 1909, Mr. Barclay was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1932 and has served in Belgium, France and the U.S. He has been Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office since 1951.



MR. JOHN ELLIOT.
Appointed Chairman of the London Transport Executive from October 1 in succession to Lord Latham. Born in 1898, Mr. Elliot was educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst and served in the 1914-18 war. He became chairman of the Railway Executive in 1951.



THE NORTH KOREAN DELEGATION IN MOSCOW: AT THE MICROPHONE, THE PRIME MINISTER KIM IL SUNG, WITH (LEFT) MR. MOLOTOV AND (RIGHT) MARSHAL BULGANIN, AT THE YAROSLAVSKY STATION.
A North Korean delegation, headed by the Prime Minister and including the Foreign Minister, arrived in Moscow on September 11 for talks which concluded on September 20 with the announcement that Russia would grant about £92,000,000 for the rehabilitation of North Korea.



ROGER QUILTER.
Died on September 20 in his seventy-sixth year. Born in 1877, the famous composer of songs was the son of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, the first Baronet, and was educated at Eton and studied music at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His settings of Shakespeare's songs are especially well known.



SIR W. CHURCHILL SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. DE VALERA AT NO. 10, DOWNTON STREET.
On September 16 Mr. De Valera, accompanied by his External Affairs Minister, Mr. Aiken, and the Irish Ambassador, Mr. Boland, was entertained to luncheon by Sir W. Churchill at No. 10, Downing Street.



PRINCIPALS IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS CASE AT THE HAGUE: (LEFT) PROFESSOR ANDRÉ GROS, AND SIR LIONEL HEALD.
The case about the sovereignty of Les Ecrehou and Les Minquiers, which Britain and France, "arm in arm," are bringing before the International Court, opened on September 17 with a distinguished array of counsel on both sides.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE MEXICAN TEAM RECEIVING THE TROPHY FOR THE TENTH INTERNATIONAL TUNA CUP MATCH.
The three-day match ended at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, on September 12 with the Mexicans defeating teams from Argentina, Brazil, the Commonwealth, Chile, Cuba, France, Holland, the U.S. and Venezuela. Dr. Araujo, of Mexico, caught a 723-lb. bluefin, which clinched the match.



NEW UNIFORMS FOR THE RED CROSS: (LEFT), RED FOR AN OFFICER, AND BLUE FOR A MEMBER.
New uniform has recently been designed for the British Red Cross by Mr. Norman Hartnell. It incorporates a detachable white collar and the apron is buttoned on as required. The officer's sleeves can turn to full length.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR—A NOTABLE STUART.

"THE MARSHAL DUKE OF BERWICK"; By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE nineteenth-century historians gave a very poor show to the later, or indeed to any, Stuarts. The ghastly butcheries of Cromwell at Wexford and Drogheda were glossed over; the humaneness and sagacity of Charles II. were obscured by his looseness. Cold Dutch William, who, landing with foreign legions and aided by treachery, successfully conquered first England (a mere pawn in his battle against Louis XIV.) and then Ireland, was erected as a Protestant Hero; the mulish James II., who was admittedly a tactless politician but who at least sacrificed everything for his religion (which a craftier King might have been allowed to keep, and still rule) and had done a great deal for the British Navy, and consequently for the country, was displayed as a bigot, a coward, and a rat. The balance of criticism has been rectified in our own time: so much so, that perhaps, in a comprehensive reaction, the whole family of Stuarts has been looked at through rose-coloured spectacles.

Sir Charles Petrie cannot be accused of that fault. He is an honest historian. If he has Jacobite sympathies he has quite justly emphasised the suitability for kingship of James III., "the Old Pretender," and the support which the Jacobites could have had in England had their chiefs' incursions been properly organised: his statements are always fully documented, and he tells the truth as he finds it. It may be incidentally remarked, at this stage, that the word "Pretender" (to the use of which people sometimes object) had not quite the implications 200 years ago which it has now. To-day it indicates something bogus; at that time it was a term interchangeable with "Claimant." A common point of view in England at the time was crystallised in John Byrom's epigram:

God bless the King!—I mean the Faith's Defender,
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

The episode is closed. It was really closed when the last Stuart in the male line, Cardinal Henry of York, left his last vestiges of regalia to the Hanoverian

word of English, and the brutality of George II., who would not save Admiral Byng from an ignominious death. And another "if" creeps into the mind when one reads Sir Charles's life of the Duke of Berwick. It is: "If only James II. had been married to Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, instead of having her as a mistress, what a Pretender we might then have had to the throne! The Young Chevalier was a winsome figure in his youthful prime; he went to pieces later; became a sot, and lost his wife to the famous Italian poet, Alfieri. But his step-uncle, the Duke of Berwick and

archives of the present Duke of Alba and Berwick, including a collection of letters between Berwick and his son which had never seen the light before Sir Charles himself edited them a year or two ago. We see Berwick in the round. As a soldier we meet him as administrator and reformer as well as warrior; and in retirement as one able to employ himself usefully and happily. Late in life he had nine years of retirement.

He employed himself in writing his Memoirs, in entertaining his friends (among them Bolingbroke, "whom he always, if erroneously, considered had been badly treated by his half-brother") in managing and embellishing his estate, and in gardening. But the wars broke out again, and the garden had to be left. "At the beginning of June the investment of Philipsburg began, and as was his custom Berwick personally inspected the trenches every morning. On June 12th he did this in company with his son, the Duke of FitzJames, and in the course of his inspection he reached an advanced point where several French soldiers had been killed by their own artillery. A sentry had in consequence been placed near the spot to warn people of the danger, but he does not appear to have done so in the case of Berwick. The guns on both sides opened fire, and a ball carried off the



THE SON OF JAMES, DUKE OF YORK (JAMES II.), AND HIS MISTRESS, ARABELLA CHURCHILL: JAMES FITZJAMES, DUKE OF BERWICK AND MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

From a picture in the collection of the Duke of Alba.

Alba, was really a Chevalier, a Chevalier, like Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." What a King he would have made!

His bastardy ruled that out, and he had to be content with being a loyal servant first of his father (under whom he distinguished himself in the Irish campaign) and then of his adopted country, France, of whom he became one of the most illustrious soldiers. He fought in many fields, was killed in action at sixty-four, left a reputation as a general only exceeded by that of his uncle, Marlborough, and a reputation also for sweetness and integrity which was attested by all who dealt with him. After the decisive battle of Almansa, in Spain, the Duke of Orleans (who arrived just too late for the victory) wrote to King Louis: "I am constrained to tell your Majesty that, if the glory of M. de Berwick is great, his modesty is no less so, nor his courtesy to me, which led him, as it were, to apologise because, since the enemy attacked him, he had had to win, without me, a victory so complete and signal as this one." And Saint-Simon, who had an eye for flaws in people's characters if ever man had, wrote: "The Marshal was so straightforward, that when a proposition, which he had opposed with all his might, was once decided upon, he endeavoured to make it feasible; casting about for expedients to guard it against mischief; acting, indeed, as if he had been the author of the scheme instead of its antagonist. It rarely happens that as much may be said of a man, flushed with victory, and by nature tenacious and self-opinionated." This last aspect (as seen by another) Berwick amused himself by referring to in those "Memoirs" with which he occupied his leisure. He speaks of the Queen of Spain: "When the Marshal de Tessé, who was much my friend, arrived at Madrid, he naturally enquired of the Queen, if she had not reason to be satisfied with the campaigns I had made. She answered, that I was much esteemed and had rendered great services. He put some other questions to her upon my account; to which the Queen always replied in a manner advantageous to my reputation: the Marshal then said: but why, then, have you had him recalled? What would you have me say to you? replied this Princess. He is a great dry devil of an Englishman, who always goes his own way."

Sir Charles's book is solid in information, panoramic in survey, and lively as narrative. He has had the advantage over his predecessors of using the



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE: SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT., WHO ALSO EDITED "THE DUKE OF BERWICK AND HIS SON," A COLLECTION OF HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Sir Charles Petrie, the distinguished historian, was educated privately and at Corpus Christi, Oxford. Born in 1895, he served with the Royal Garrison Artillery from 1915 to 1919, and from 1940 to 1945 was an Official Lecturer to H.M. Forces. He is President of the Military History Society of Ireland and Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academy of History. His many publications include "The Jacobite Movement," "The Four Georges: A Revaluation," "Lords of the Inland Sea," "Diplomatic History, 1713-1933," and "Monarchy in the Twentieth Century."

He employed himself in writing his Memoirs, in entertaining his friends (among them Bolingbroke, "whom he always, if erroneously, considered had been badly treated by his half-brother") in managing and embellishing his estate, and in gardening. But the wars broke out again, and the garden had to be left. "At the beginning of June the investment of Philipsburg began, and as was his custom Berwick personally inspected the trenches every morning. On June 12th he did this in company with his son, the Duke of FitzJames, and in the course of his inspection he reached an advanced point where several French soldiers had been killed by their own artillery. A sentry had in consequence been placed near the spot to warn people of the danger, but he does not appear to have done so in the case of Berwick. The guns on both sides opened fire, and a ball carried off the



THE MISTRESS OF JAMES, DUKE OF YORK (JAMES II.), AND MOTHER OF JAMES FITZJAMES, THE MARSHAL DUKE OF BERWICK: ARABELLA CHURCHILL (1649-1730)—"SHE WAS NO GREAT BEAUTY, IF CONTEMPORARY RECORDS ARE TO BE BELIEVED, THOUGH THE PORTRAIT-PAINTERS DID THEIR BEST FOR HER" After Sir Peter Lely. By Courtesy of the Earl Spencer.

family; and we have now, to indicate the closure of the gap, an heir to the throne called Charles. But the "ifs" still open up tempting avenues for speculation. "If" James II. had not been so obstinate; "if" he had handled things better in Ireland, where, apart from the Catholics, he had the loyal Protestant bench of Bishops behind him; "if" the French had not wanted to keep this island still in a state of confusion; "if" the last gamble of "the Young Chevalier" had not been so hopelessly mismanaged. These speculations still haunt romantic minds, aware of the saintliness and exquisite taste of Charles I., of the courage, athleticism and wit of Charles II., and the deadly dullness of George I., who couldn't speak a



THE MOTHER OF THE SECOND DUKE OF BERWICK: HONORA DE BURGH, FIRST WIFE OF THE MARSHAL DUKE OF BERWICK WHOM SHE MARRIED IN 1695—"SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A WOMAN OF SINGULAR CHARM."

By Kneller. In the Collection of the Duke of Alba. Reproductions from "The Marshal Duke of Berwick"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

Marshal's head, but from which side it came was never established. When the news of his old comrade's death was brought to Villars, who was himself dying, he exclaimed, 'Cet homme a toujours été heureux.'

In an appendix Sir Charles gives a historical panegyric of Berwick by Montesquieu, of all people. He also had his tributes to pay. "He scarce obtained any favours which were not offered to him: when his own interest was concerned it was always necessary to push him on. . . . He knew not how to say those things that are usually called pretty things. . . . When he had a cause of complaint against any man he went directly to him, and told him his sentiments freely, after which he said no more."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 492 of this issue.

WITH A JAPANESE PEARLING FLEET, IN WATERS NOW CLAIMED AS TERRITORIAL BY AUSTRALIA.



WITH A JAPANESE PEARLING FLEET, IN WATERS SINCE DECLARED AUSTRALIAN TERRITORY: THE FISHERIES INSPECTION VESSEL, TAIYO MARU NO. 5.



THE CHIEF DIVER OF THE TENJI MARU COMING ABOARD AFTER COLLECTING PEARL SHELL. SHELL IS NOT PLENTIFUL BUT OF EXCELLENT QUALITY.



THE CREW OF A JAPANESE PEARL-FISHING 60-FT. LUGGER, TENJI MARU, WHICH AT THE TIME HAD HER HOLD FULL OF PEARL SHELL AT £A700 PER TON.



H.M.A.S. MACQUARIE, A 1420-TON "RIVER" CLASS FRIGATE OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY, INSPECTING A JAPANESE PEARLING FLEET OPERATING ABOUT 95 MILES NORTH-WEST OF DARWIN.

ON September 10 the Australian House of Representatives passed through all its remaining stages a Bill to increase control of pearl fishing in waters off the north coast of Australia and claiming as territorial waters the whole continental shelf (reaching in places beyond 200 miles off the coast). Such powers are not recognised under international law, but are claimed also by the United States. Pending further negotiations, a Japanese pearl-shell fishery fleet—in which these photographs were taken—has since moved away from beds about 45 miles north-west of Bathurst Island, where their divers were lifting a daily average of 10 tons of shell. Pearl shell is now fetching about £A700 a ton, and in addition there is always the chance of finding large, fine pearls. Australia is exploring the possibility of bringing unemployed Greek divers from Kalymnos to enable Australian firms to exploit the world's richest pearl-shell beds. These beds have previously been worked by Asian divers, of which the Japanese are considerably the hardest, operating down to 20 fathoms, or six fathoms deeper than the Malays.



THE FOUR DIVERS OF ONE OF THE LUGGERS OF THE JAPANESE PEARLING FLEET, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR HEAVY PADDED CLOTHING, SOON AFTER SURFACING.



DE-OYSTERING THE PEARL SHELL. THE WORLD'S FINEST PEARL-SHELL BEDS LIE OFF NORTH AUSTRALIA.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR EUROPE'S BUSIEST AIR TERMINAL—AND ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST: REPLANNING THE CENTRE OF LONDON AIRPORT—MODELS ILLUSTRATING THE PROJECT.



(ABOVE)

WHAT PART OF THE CENTRAL AREA OF LONDON AIRPORT SHOULD LOOK LIKE BY JANUARY, 1956: MODELS SHOWING, LEFT, THE CONTROL BUILDINGS; TOP, LEFT, THE EASTERN APEX; AND, RIGHT, THE SOUTH-EAST FACE PASSENGER-HANDLING BUILDING.



(LEFT.)

WITH BRIDGES AND RAMPS LEADING TO THE AIRCRAFT STANDS: A MODEL OF LONDON AIRPORT'S SOUTH-EAST FACE PASSENGER-HANDLING BUILDING, WITH, UPPER LEFT, THE CONTROL BUILDING.



(LEFT.) CONTAINING AN EXHIBITION HALL AND SPECTATORS' ROOF GARDENS: THE EASTERN APEX BUILDING, DUE TO BE COMPLETED IN JANUARY, 1956.

ON September 16 Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Civil Aviation, made public the plans for the central area of London Airport and illustrated with models that part of the project which is already under construction. This central area—which is diamond-shaped—lies in the middle of the runways and is linked with the Bath Road by means of the new subway. The buildings now under construction are those illustrated on these pages and comprise: the control buildings, in the heart of the diamond; the building at the eastern apex of the diamond; and what is called the passenger-handling building, on the south-east face of the diamond. These are due for completion in, respectively: July 1955; January 1956 and September 1955. And it is expected that part of the south-east-face building will be in use in March 1955, when the majority of the short-distance services will be transferred from Northolt to London Airport. The remaining sides of the diamond will eventually be filled with other buildings, serving various purposes. The architect of these terminal buildings is Mr. Frederick Gibberd, F.R.I.B.A., and they are being built under the supervision of the Director-General of Works of the Air Ministry, the general contractors being Taylor Woodrow, Ltd. The estimated expenditure on building works already completed and planned is £21,000,000, of which approximately £15,000,000 had been spent by March 31, 1953.



DUE FOR COMPLETION IN 1955 : THE NEW CENTRAL CONTROL BUILDINGS AT LONDON AIRPORT. THE TOWER CONTROLLING AIRCRAFT MOVEMENT IN AIR AND ON THE GROUND IS 122 FT. 6 INS. HIGH.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MODELS OF TWO MAJOR BUILDINGS NOW IN CONSTRUCTION AT LONDON AIRPORT : (FOREGROUND) THE EAST APEX AND (BACKGROUND) SOUTH-EAST-FACE BUILDINGS.

THE truce in Korea inevitably calls attention to Indo-China. From the moment when negotiations began the French authorities in Indo-China and the Government at home have experienced some anxiety lest China might find a new outlet for her energies and propagandist spirit in South-East Asia, and transfer some of her surplus forces and material to it. No sign of this has yet appeared, but it is still by no means an impossibility. The aid hitherto given by China to Ho Chi Minh has been useful to him, but cannot be described as having been on a big scale. Truck transport units which have been used to supply Viet Minh troops in the Red River campaigns have been furnished with Russian vehicles, which have, of course, been conveyed to the scene by the Chinese. They do not appear to have been numerous, but the Viet Minh operations, largely dependent on porters off a couple of main roads, would have been less effective without them. The Chinese have given aid in some other forms.

In the discussions in France during the interregnum, when it was impossible to form a Government, and the general strike, with its threat of vastly increased expenditure, some politicians spoke with unprecedented force about the prospect of ending the Indo-Chinese war by negotiation. Theoretically, there is much to be said for the proposal. Practical examination, however, makes it clear that the idea is a fantasy. It would doubtless be possible to make peace, but at present this would be of such a character that it would be a misuse of words to call it peace by negotiation. To all intents and purposes it would be peace by submission. Peace-making is apt to bear a certain resemblance to a game of poker, especially when Communists sit on one side of the table, and to oppose France's present hand to Ho Chi Minh's straight flush would be disaster. If France and her allies in Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos are inclined to negotiate, there is no reason why they should not first accumulate some advantages to give weight to their case. I still believe they have the power to do so.

Less has recently been heard of these proposals. One reason why they have been less prominent has certainly been the increased evidence of determination on the part of the United States Government to support the cause. It may not be generally realised how much it has already done in this respect. Four or five years ago the late Marshal de Lattre told me that the armoured unit in which his son Bernard was serving could not keep above 50 per cent. of its fighting vehicles in use at any one time, because the material was so worn that half of it was always in the workshops. Since then there has been strong reinforcement in material, paralleled by modernisation. The photographs which have appeared in these pages from time to time are in themselves sufficient evidence of that. I possess no figures on the subject, but I am sure that practically all this new material has come from the United States. When I was there last year it was impressed upon me that the needs of Indo-China were being given a high priority.

Since then the prospects of aid have further improved and in new directions. Congress has approved an appropriation of 400,000,000 dollars under the 1954 Mutual Security Act. This is a big sum, which will buy a great deal even in these days. On September 9, however, it was reported that the National Security Council had decided to recommend to the President of the Republic that a further sum of between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 should be given to France for use in Indo-China. The object of the National Security Council is clearly to support a plan drawn up by General Navarre and known by his name. As I write, this proposal is still subject to the approval of the President. If the supplementary credit is forthcoming, the cost of the new Viet Nam units which it is hoped to raise under the Navarre plan will be borne by the United States. France will be given a free hand to work out the scheme which has been put forward by her professional military adviser on the spot. From her point of view this means a new and much more favourable atmosphere.

It will not be, of course, all plain sailing. It is not enough to form a plan and to possess the financial resources needed for it. France is short of one commodity which money can buy only to a limited extent: cadres, trained officers and under-officers. A higher rate of pay for a short-term engagement in Indo-China would seem to be the best means of attracting enough suitable men who have passed into civil life, since it looks unlikely that France will adopt the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FRANCE, INDO-CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

relatively drastic United States method of drafting reserve officers by compulsion. Then, needless to say, military success has to be achieved with the aid of the increased resources, and that is the biggest item in the programme. Finally, the difficulties with France's allies in the country have to be settled. Some tart comments by the French Commissioner-General, M. Dejean, in Singapore, indicate their nature. He remarked that there could be no such thing as a French Union if the Associated States would not accord to a French commander-in-chief the prerogatives which the N.A.T.O. nations accorded to an American. This refers, however, only to the period of war. There is also the final settlement to be considered.

I have always maintained in these pages that the Indo-Chinese war was not an unjust war, and that it was possible to carry it to a successful conclusion.

when this stage had been reached, to take over the main responsibility. That was his vision. I believe it was practical; I am sure that if it should prove not to be, no other will take its place.

The project stands or falls according to the extent to which it can convince: first, the people of Viet Nam that this is their war, and that their future happiness depends upon the contribution they themselves make to it; secondly, the doubting or unfriendly on-lookers in the same continent that this is not just another instance of greedy "colonialism." There is no reason to disguise the strategic consequences envisaged, and it would be a form of dishonesty which would not pay to attempt to do so. No one need be ashamed of them. At the same time, it is not worth while discussing them apart from the subject of a healthy national effort in Viet Nam, because no prospect of attaining them can exist without it. We shall have to wait for some time to see how the new policy works, because the programme is not one that can be carried through with a rush. Provided the political wheels can be made to run smoothly, its promise is excellent.

The point about which there has previously been discussion, whether or not the United States should become actively involved in Indo-China, has not recently cropped up again. It may not be done with yet. If the United States Administration reflects the military opinion on the matter which I heard expressed last year, it will be slow to entertain such a scheme. The view then taken was that it would be politically undesirable, and would be most unwelcome to the American people. I have in previous articles suggested that it would do more harm than good. France has been in contact with these people for generations. She has the right to speak on the moral issues. Were the United States to do so, and at the same time to send her forces to fight in Indo-China, the action would assume the appearance of power politics pure and simple. I cannot help wondering whether those French readers who disliked my views on this subject have thoroughly thought out the consequences of making Indo-China an obvious pawn in a political game. They might well render the sacrifices of the past years fruitless.

The news from Washington is likely to have an effect on the atmosphere in the French Assembly when it meets. At the time of writing the impression is that this will occur before the date originally fixed, which was October 12, and probably before the end of September. Had the Communists and Socialists, who were allied for the purpose, succeeded at the height of the strike in bringing about a recall, the prospect before the Government would have been ugly. Now it no longer appears to stand in the same danger. The pressure in favour of what meant virtually getting out of Indo-China to which it was subjected before the recess may also be relaxed. Yet the future must depend largely on the Government. On one flank it has to face bitter and unrelenting opposition to any policy but that of surrender to Communism in Indo-China. Elsewhere it has to take account of—and to diminish as far as may be—lethargy and uncertainty from some other quarters. A firm and steady front and a clear-cut policy, both political and military, are needed as much as ever. France is unlikely to get another such chance of bringing peace to Indo-China as now presents itself.

Meanwhile, those who hold that admission to the United Nations would make Communist China less inclined to aggression, will be disappointed by the statement of the Anzus Council—the Foreign Ministers of the United States, Australia and New Zealand, meeting in

Washington—that "under present circumstances no question of the recognition of Communist China or the admission of its representative to the United Nations should be entertained." I, personally, consider that general recognition of the present Government in China would be in accordance with diplomatic tradition, and that this is usually a sound guide. It must, however, be admitted that membership of the United Nations has not in the past proved a safeguard against highly unfriendly acts. If China sets store by membership, she has good prospects of obtaining it in the end; but an extension of intervention in Indo-China would make this impossible for a long time afterwards. It would also raise again the spectre which haunted mankind at the height of the Korean war, that of a drift back to the disasters from which the world emerged only eight years ago.



"THERE HAS BEEN STRONG REINFORCEMENT IN MATERIAL, PARALLELED BY MODERNISATION. . . . I AM SURE THAT PRACTICALLY ALL THIS NEW MATERIAL HAS COME FROM THE UNITED STATES": FRENCH GUNNERS FIRING AMERICAN 155-MM. HOWITZERS AT DAWN DURING "OPERATION CLAUDE" IN THE TIEN-LANG ON SEPTEMBER 1. The American 155-mm. howitzer which French gunners are shown using against Viet Minh troops in this photograph was designed in 1939 as a new type of medium artillery. It fires a 95-lb. shell to a maximum range of 16,000 yards, and in the firing position the carriage rests on a firing jack which may be seen in our photograph just in front of the wheels. In the invasion of Normandy in 1944 the howitzer proved of great value for shelling road intersections and for putting down harassing and neutralising fire.



FIRING AT NIGHT ON VIET MINH TROOPS DURING "OPERATION CLAUDE" ON SEPTEMBER 1: AN AMERICAN "LONG TOM" (155-MM. GUN) IN ACTION, WITH THE FRENCH GUNNERS TURNING AWAY TO AVOID BEING TEMPORARILY BLINDED BY THE FLASH. The American "Long Tom" (155-mm. gun) became standardised equipment in the U.S. Army in 1938 and during the war was produced in large numbers. It played an important part in the attack on the Siegfried Line when it was used with a concrete-piercing fuse. It fires a 95-lb. shell to a maximum range of 25,715 yards and the carriage is transported on a bogie consisting of four dual wheels. American artillery pieces and other equipment have been supplied to the French forces fighting in Indo-China in some quantity.

I am convinced that the new approach is the best. Strictly speaking, it is not new. Its basic idea was conceived by Marshal de Lattre. He had not the time, however, to work out details of cost—and, in any case, finance was not his strong side. He saw from the first, however—as General Sir Gerald Templer has seen in a smaller struggle—that success must depend on moral factors as much as on physical. No lasting success, perhaps no serious success at all, could be achieved without the support of the majority of the country. This support when he went out had been only potential, at best stagnant. Therefore, he went on, it must be fostered and encouraged. With its aid he hoped that it would be possible to obtain such a degree of success as to facilitate the reduction of the French effort, which has hitherto sustained the conduct of the war. Forces raised in the Associated States, above all, in Viet Nam, ought to be able,

THE FIRST GROUP OF P.O.W.s. FROM KOREA RETURN HOME: A GREAT WELCOME.



DOCKING AT SOUTHAMPTON WITH 530 REPATRIATED PRISONERS OF WAR ABOARD: THE TROOPSHIP ASTURIAS WELCOMED HOME BY A GREAT CROWD OF WIVES, PARENTS AND OTHER RELATIVES, WHOSE GREETING WAS ANSWERED BY THE MEN ABOARD.

THE troopship *Asturias*, with 530 repatriated British prisoners of war from Korea on board, docked at Southampton on September 16. The troopship had spent the previous night at anchor off Osborne Point, in Cowes Roads, and was boarded by Customs, immigration and port health officials, who carried out their inspections so as to leave the disembarkation on the following day free of formalities. The first group of released British prisoners of war to arrive home were given a great welcome from more than 4,000 relatives and friends, many of whom had spent the previous night at a former N.A.A.F.I. club which had been taken over and turned into a hostel by the W.V.S. for those who needed accommodation. The former prisoners of war and 730 men returning from active service in Korea came ashore in alphabetical order and at the rate of one every second, while the band of the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, played regimental marches.



(RIGHT.) GOING ASHORE IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER AND AT THE RATE OF ONE A SECOND: REPATRIATED PRISONERS OF WAR LEAVING THE ASTURIAS TO BE REUNITED WITH THEIR RELATIVES ON THE DOCKSIDE.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

OUTSIDE EDGES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

EARLY that morning I had looked from Carn Llidi across a relief map of West Pembrokeshire. Below, the tide crissed along the fringes of Whitesands Bay. Away beyond was the cathedral tower of St. David's among the roofs of the village city. Out across the Sound the island of Ramsey lifted its humps from a shining sea. And immediately below me, pouncing seaward so that one could almost imagine there were muscles beneath the rippling velvet, was St. David's Head, the most westerly point in Wales, where the walls and cromlechs of the "old men" were a flaked and weathered grey upon this soft-mossed brown.

Like many people, I delight in "ends," or, as they used to say in my youth, the outside edges: in finding the train firm against the buffers, the roads running out to the sea, the last promontory, the last crag. Land's End, best at twilight or early in the morning; John o' Groats, where the sand is shell-powdered; Dunnet Head, fighting the ice-blue waters of the Pentland Firth; Cape Wrath, which deserves its name; the Lizard, nosing among the southern reefs; St. David's Head in its withdrawn silence: these are all for the collector. Somehow it seemed right that on the night of the day I collected St. David's Head, I should be in the Old Vic at a performance of "All's Well That Ends Well." For this, in its way, is an end: one of the far cliffs, a lonely play. Dr. Dover Wilson has called it "one of the most neglected in the canon. There is no money in it, since it is never read in schools and very rarely in universities; and the commentators have therefore, for the most part, either given it the go-by or (if they were committed to 'The Complete Works') merely scratched the surface." (Dr. Wilson, typically, proceeded to dig.)

Recently, "All's Well" has not been played often. It is more than thirty years since it came last to the Old Vic, and eighteen since a good revival at Stratford: one that may be forgotten at a time when we are singularly ungrateful to Stratford's past. London, strangely, has had a more recent West End revival: one during the storm of the "blitz" in the autumn of 1940: Robert Atkins had the courage and faith to do "All's Well"—an apt title for the time—at the Vaudeville Theatre. It was remarkable that this odd, lonely play should have appeared then to defy the gale.

There have been occasional performances—at Cambridge, for example—and this year Tyrone Guthrie has been staging it in modern dress (a treatment that seems to do the play no disservice) at the Shakespeare Festival he has directed in Stratford, Ontario. Now we have "All's Well"—but not in modern dress—as a kind of struggling fairy-tale in Michael Benthall's production at the Old Vic: the second production during the great task of covering the entire Shakespeare Folio within five years. "Hamlet," the first play, I reviewed when it was done at Edinburgh. It appeared normal that "All's Well" should turn up next: something, presumably, to get over as soon as possible, and yet, at the same time, a prize for the explorers, the end-fanciers, the last-lap men.

We know that this strange, wry comedy, with its source in the "Decameron," this comedy that so good a judge as "Q" held cheaply, does find life in the theatre.

It is, as "Q" says, "a thing of 'the boards.'" While listening to it in the Old Vic, I was reminded curiously of the early morning when, standing on Carn Llidi, I looked down on St. David's Head, that length of aged, stained velvet, rich where patched with sunlight, dark in the creases, embroidered here and there with gold thread, or frayed and torn where the old lining peered through.

crumbling, babbling dotard might be a pantomime success: he is an excrescence upon a comedy that is difficult enough already without this misconceived funny stuff.

Happily, there are better things: a clearly-spoken, if not very exciting, Helena (Claire Bloom), whose early speeches are the gold threads of the play; Fay Compton's Countess, exactly-judged, though the producer does not help her much; and an excellent, inventive Parolles (Michael Hordern), who keeps us happy through the often dismal "drum" business. The posturing braggart is indeed "a light nut with no kernel": in the record it will probably be Mr. Hordern's night. Helena, in the second half of the play, declines sadly; her best speeches apart, she is an opportunist hardly worthy to stand by the major Shakespearean women. It is, by the way, a relief to find that Mr. Benthall has kept Lavache firmly under control. This seedy jester can be the most dolorous of all Shakespeare's funny fellows. Timothy Bateson acts him now with wise restraint.

Lavache is certainly the wrong type of "outside edge," and this, alas, is how I must remember "Bruno and Sidney," a little farce (at the Phoenix Theatre) which disappeared within a few days. Bruno and Sidney are mice; and there, in the view of Edward Caulfield, an American architect of crazy farce, is as good a subject for Rich Furr as anything else. So he introduced us to a New York tenement; to a young

author aching to work and unable to do so, and to a rough-and-tumble of neighbours forever making free with the flat in search of Bruno and Sidney. Nobody could work with Bruno and Sidney about. One was reputed to be seven years old, a fantastic age for a mouse: hence the excitement. The dramatist had plenty of ideas, but none of them funny, though they might serve as small-talk for Lavache. As matters on the stage grew more and more boisterous, one was less and less ready to laugh. The only thing that, for me, lightened an unfortunate night was Frank Pettingell's idea of a doctor who, through his alcoholic haze, seemed to be dancing the first steps of some courtly pavane with an invisible partner. A pity then, that we had too little of Mr. Pettingell and so much of other and drearier affairs.

The King, in "All's Well," speaks of "a special nothing" which may be as useful a phrase as any for the kind of comedy that W. Somerset Maugham was writing early in his career. In "Penelope" (Arts) we are at the beginning, not the end. The piece is about nothing in particular—nobody can care much about a wife's stratagem to defeat the Other Woman (period 1908)—but



HELENA (CLAIRE BLOOM) BEGS FOR THE CHANCE TO CURE THE SICK KING OF FRANCE (LAURENCE HARDY) IN THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL." BEHIND HELENA, LAFEU (WILLIAM SQUIRE); BEHIND THE KING, A MONK (JOHN LAMIN) AND TWO PHYSICIANS (MAXWELL GARDINER AND JEREMY GEIDT).

At one point, alas, the production takes us to the outside edge in the wrong sense. The King of France, whom Helena cures, should have a mellow autumnal poignancy. It is a touching moment when he wishes

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvèd from my hive
To give some labourers room.

This is spoken at the Vic by a king resting in a night-gown upon his litter; a King ready with comic groans, with a covey of comic doctors (and a monk) in attendance, and a huddle of sycophantic courtiers ready to laugh at a signal from their monarch. The



"THIS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN HAD A FATHER (O, THAT HAD! HOW SAD A PASSAGE 'T IS)." THE COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON (FAY COMPTON) SPEAKS OF HELENA (CLAIRE BLOOM, LEFT) TO THE AGED LORD LAFEU (WILLIAM SQUIRE).



"GET THEE A GOOD HUSBAND, AND USE HIM AS HE USES THEE; AND SO FAREWELL." PAROLLES (MICHAEL HORDERN) GIVES HIS PARTING ADVICE TO HELENA (CLAIRE BLOOM) AT THE OPENING OF "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BRUNO AND SIDNEY" (Phoenix).—Much ado about mice in an American crazy-week farce. (September 9 to September 12.)
"PENELOPE" (Arts Theatre Club).—The usual brisk chatter of the early Maugham; nothing in itself, but carried off by Pauline Jameson (in the *Marie Tempest* part) and others in Walter Hudd's company. (September 10.)
"HAMLET" (Old Vic).—The season opens with Michael Benthall's Edinburgh Festival production (Richard Burton as Hamlet), now adapted to the Waterloo Road stage. (September 14.)
"VARIETY" (Palladium).—Land of (Bob) Hope and glory. (September 14.)
"HENRY THE FOURTH: PART ONE" (King's, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfit's first performance of the major Falstaff; I will review this later. (September 14.)
"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL" (Old Vic).—A lively revival of a rarity, with Michael Hordern's richly foolish Parolles and an unaccountably absurd treatment of scenes for the King that should be moving and are here burlesqued. (September 15.)
"BAVARIAN STATE OPERA" (Covent Garden).—"Arabella" opens a short Strauss season, with Lisa della Cassa in the name-part. (September 15.)
"THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK" (Lyric).—The Mulhammers, Mrs. Guzzard and the various foundlings of T. S. Eliot's involved little comedy reach London. (September 16.)

Maugham, from the first, had a special trick of decorating a plain surface. One finds most pleasure now in such things as the ingenuity of the exposition, and a few incidental characters that could be lifted from the piece without damaging the fabric. For all useful purposes, "Penelope" ends with its second act, but Maugham has tacked on a third. Fortunately, the play is whisked along at the Arts with a charming dexterity: Walter Hudd's production, and the acting of Pauline Jameson, Michael Gwynn and Maxine Audley keep the "special nothing" aerated; and all's well that ends well.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE PICTURE GALLERY RE-OPENED.



"THE RESCUE OF ÆMILIA AND THE INFANTS ANTIPOHOLUS AND DROMIO OF EPHESUS FROM SHIPWRECK" ("THE COMEDY OF ERRORS," ACT I., SCENE 1): A PICTURE BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY (1747-1801). (Oil on canvas: 30½ by 21½ ins.)



"THE RETURN OF OTHELLO" ("OTHELLO," ACT II., SCENE 1): BY THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A. (1755-1834), PAINTED FOR BOYDELL'S SHAKESPEARE GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 65 by 83 ins.)

SIR BARRY JACKSON arranged to re-open the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Picture Gallery at Stratford-upon-Avon on September 25. It has been closed for the past two years and has now been completely redecorated under the supervision of Mr. Brian O'Rorke, and the pictures have been sorted, cleaned and re-catalogued with the assistance of Mr. T. S. R. Boase and Mr. J. J. Byam Shaw. The Library and Picture Gallery still occupy that part of the original Memorial building, opened in 1879, which survived the fire of 1926. The main room of the Picture Gallery is devoted to eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century paintings, of which some record the methods of production in vogue, others the imaginative interpretations of scenes from the plays as they were envisaged by artists of the time.



"STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF KING LEAR": AFTER REYNOLDS, COPYIST UNKNOWN. (Oil on canvas: 28½ by 23½ ins.)



"THE THREE WITCHES" ("MACBETH," ACT I., SCENE 3): BY J. F. FUSELI (1741-1825), AN ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTER OF BOYDELL'S GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 29½ by 35½ ins.)



"MIRANDA AND CALIBAN" ("THE TEMPEST," ACT I., SCENE 2): A PAINTING BY JAMES WARD (1769-1859), SIGNED AND DATED 1837. HE WAS ELECTED AN R.A. IN 1811 AND WAS PRIMARILY AN ENGRAVER. (Oil on canvas: 48 by 65 ins.)



"HUBERT AND ARTHUR" ("KING JOHN," ACT IV., SCENE 1): BY JAMES NORTHCOTE (1746-1831). (Oil on canvas: 100 by 71 ins.)



AN OUTSTANDING NEWCOMER TO THE BRITISH "MERCHANT SERVICE OF THE AIR": THE BLACKBURN UNIVERSAL FREIGHTER, A MILITARY VERSION OF WHICH HAS BEEN ORDERED FOR THE R.A.F.

The *Universal* Freighter has been developed by Blackburn and General Aircraft Limited to contracts awarded by the Ministry of Supply. Its main rôle was envisaged as a weight-carrier for the transport of heavy military equipment, stores and personnel, to be landed on secondary airfields or to be dropped by parachute. The prototype flew for the first time on June 20, 1950, from Brough Airfield, and in 1952 one of these aircraft, which are the largest of their type in Britain, was on view at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Farnborough. It was equipped as a military supply dropper, with a 25-pounder field gun and an infantry

carrier in the hold. The Mark 1, which our Artist illustrates, is powered by four 2020-h.p. Bristol Hercules 730 engines, giving a maximum speed of 216 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft. A Mark 2 version of the civil aircraft has now been developed; and this is fitted with four Bristol Centaurus 1000 engines. The difference between the Mark 1 and the Mark 2 is that the rear fuselage and loading ramp are replaced by a tubular tail boom above the freight compartment, and it has "clam-shell"-type loading doors. The version of the Mark 2 now being produced for the Royal Air Force has been named "Beverley," after the town ten miles from the Blackburn and General Aircraft

Factory at Brough, East Yorkshire. Orders for three Mark 2's have been placed by Silver City Airways, and these will carry six cars, five motor-cycles and forty-two passengers. The aircraft can be operated by a flight crew of two, with a freight steward, and it requires a two-wheel front unit and a four-wheel main unit. The Mark 2 will carry a payload of 22 tons and has been designed to operate away from the main trunk routes of the world, if so required. With ten landing-wheels, the aircraft can be flown at its maximum all-up weight from grass airfields and

airstrips. It has an outstanding take-off and landing performance—from 50 ft. to rest in 910 yards. For the purpose of loading vehicles, twin loading ramps are provided at the rear end of the freight compartment, and these may be carried in the aircraft when necessary. The rear doors may be removed to facilitate the dropping of stores by parachute or by limited areas. The "Beverley," which first flew on June 14, was on view at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Farnborough this year, and in a demonstration lifted a load comprising two 7-ton lorries, probably the heaviest yet lifted in any British aircraft.

ILLUSTRATING RECENT SOVIET TRENDS IN
WITH NATIONAL ARCHITECTURAL

A HUGE BUILDING WHOSE SCALE IS INDICATED BY COMPARISON WITH THE TROLLEY-BUSES AND CARS PASSING IT: THE MINISTRY OF RAILWAYS AT KRAKOVSKY VOROTA.



COMBINING FEATURES OF RUSSIAN ARCHITECTURE WITH CLASSICAL PILLARS AND PINNACLES WITH AN EASTERN FEELING: THE NEW RAILWAY STATION AT SMOLENSK.

ARCHITECTURE: SOME IMPRESSIVE BUILDINGS
AND NEO-CLASSICAL FEATURES.

DESIGNED IN CLASSICAL STYLE, WITH PILLARED PORTICOES, FRIEZE AND PEDIMENT: THE DRAMA THEATRE IN ZAPOROZHYE, IN THE UKRAINIAN REPUBLIC.



WITH A SOVIET COAT OF ARMS OCCUPYING 2721 SQUARE YARDS: THE FAÇADE OF THE 27-STORYED BUILDING ON SMOLENNSKAYA SQUARE, MOSCOW.



RECALLING THE DESIGN OF SOME OF THE FactORIES ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON: THE PALACE OF CULTURE OF THE STALINGRAD TRACTOR PLANT.



TRADITIONAL RUSSIAN BUILDINGS WITHIN IN THE BACKGROUND, A CONSTRUCTION IN MODERN STYLE: THE ROSSOMOL'SKY BOULEVARD, STALINGRAD.



ADORNED WITH CERTAIN CLASSICAL FEATURES ADAPTED BY THE ARCHITECT: AN APARTMENT HOUSE WITH AN "ADAM" FRIEZE AND PILLARED PORTICO, IN STALINGRAD.



SIMPLE IN DESIGN, BUT WITH GEOMETRICAL DECORATION BETWEEN THE ROWS OF WINDOWS: THE NEW GIRLS' SCHOOL IN PUSHKIN STREET, STALINGRAD.



SIGNIFIED, IN THE NEO-CLASSICAL MANNER: THE FLIGHTS OF STEPS CONNECTING THE CENTRAL UPPER SECTION OF THE CITY OF VORONEZH WITH THE LOWER.



WITH AN ARCHED BALCONY ON THE TOP STOREY, AND DECORATED WITH A CIRCULAR TOWER WITH A SMALL DOME AT ONE CORNER: NEW APARTMENT HOUSES ON KIROV STREET, STALINGRAD.



BEARING FORMAL EXTERIOR DECORATION IN THE ARCH ABOVE THE MAIN DOOR: A NEW CINEMA IN UFA, THE CAPITAL OF THE BASHKIR AUTONOMOUS SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLIC.



THE PALACE OF SCIENCE, THE MOSCOW STATE UNIVERSITY BUILDING ON LENIN HILLS, A COMPLETE ENSEMBLE OF RUSSIAN NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE: THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

"The Soviet Union is a mighty Socialist Power, full of creative forces and is successfully advancing along the road of creating a 'Communist society,'" was one of the phrases used by M. Malenkov in his long survey of Russian policy, and review of the achievements he lays to the credit of the Communist régime. Men and women of the Western Democracies to whom the power and mysterious intentions of Russia

present a constant and often alarming problem, can learn little of life behind the Iron Curtain. Thus our photographs illustrating Soviet architectural achievements are of interest, as trends in contemporary building provide pointers towards the national outlook. A feature of the new constructions in Russia—where the urban population, which in 1926 was 26,000,000, is now about 80,000,000—is that they do not present

the stark aspect which has found favour in America, France and this country. They are designed for functional purposes, but also to impress with the grandiose conception of Soviet power. The scale of the 27-story building on Smolensk Square, Moscow, can only be called stupendous; and the building of the Moscow State University on Lenin Hills, Moscow, also illustrated in our issue of September 12, is on

the grand scale. Designed to represent a complete ensemble of Russian national architecture, the main building has thirty-four floors and adjoining are 18-storey wings and 9-storey buildings containing lecture auditoriums, assembly halls, a club, numerous laboratories, a library, accommodation for 6000 students and for professors, a swimming-bath and many other amenities.

A NEW RACE OF PREHISTORIC MEN: THE SALDANHA SKULL, FOUND WITH STONE AND BONE TOOLS, AND THE FOSSIL REMAINS OF EXTINCT SOUTH AFRICAN ANIMALS.

By PROFESSOR M. R. DRENNAN, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cape Town.

In this article Professor M. R. Drennan presents an account of a remarkable archaeological and palaeontological site, which he and his colleagues in the University of Cape Town have been investigating for the last two years. The site lies in an area of undeveloped sandy veld, which stretches 20 miles inland from the Saldanha coast, at a distance of about 90 miles due north of Cape Town. The fossiliferous area is somewhat inaccessible, but it can be reached by sandy tracks through the bush from the town of Hopefield or from Darling (Fig. 2). It is situated for the most part on the farm of Elandsfontein, the property of Mr. S. P. Lategan, who has kindly granted the University of Cape Town permission to investigate it scientifically. The University's attention was first drawn to the site some years ago by Dr. G. J. Smit, Chief District Surgeon of Cape Town, who saw the fossils during a visit to the farm, and, recognising that they might be scientifically important, he collected a sample and presented it to the Anatomy Department. Two years ago Dr. R. Singer of that Department succeeded by a combination of hiking and donkey transport in reaching the site, and he confirmed the extent of the fossils, of which he brought in a good load. Shortly afterwards the author of this article visited the farm and discovered that the site had stone implements as well as fossils on it. At a later stage Mr. A. J. H. Goodwin established its archaeological value on a wider basis, and he was instrumental in persuading the University of Cape Town to make a concerted investigation of the area. Dr. T. B. Davie, Principal of the University, responded with enthusiasm, and he set up an inter-departmental committee representing the departments of Anatomy, Archaeology, Geography, Geology and Zoology. To Dr. Davie and to several benefactors of the University, whose generosity is only equalled by their modesty, any success which the work has met with is entirely due. Distinguished visitors whose advice has been invaluable to the investigation include such well-known names as the Rev. P. Teilhard de Chardin, Professors Henri V. Vallois, R. A. Dart, C. van Riet Lowe and Drs. H. B. S. Cooke and Kenneth Oakley.



FIG. 1. FOSSILISED BONE CHISELS MADE BY PREHISTORIC MAN FROM THE METACARPAL BONES OF HORSE. FOUND AT HOPEFIELD AND FOR THE FIRST TIME ASSOCIATED WITH THE OLDER SOUTH AFRICAN CULTURES.

Introduction.—Everyone now knows that what we call the Old World has been inhabited by man for an almost unbelievable length of time, and that most of these early men differed anatomically from the existing types of man. It has become clear also that just as there are different races in different parts of the world to-day, so the prehistoric world had different varieties and grades of men in different regions. For by far the greatest part of the time during which man has trod this earth he has been a hunter and stonemason, and in this latter accomplishment he was a master craftsman.

It is the survival of his beautiful handiwork in stone implements, that tells us almost all we know of his whereabouts in time and place. Fortunately also they show a gradational improvement of design and technique in different phases, indicating the increasing skill and power of expression of the human mind, and enabling us therefrom to classify the great, long strides of what we call, here in South Africa, the *Earlier, Middle and Later Stone Ages*.

The oldest of these three cultural periods is represented by a beautiful succession of "hand-axes" which corresponds technologically so closely to the same standardised implement of the *Lower Palaeolithic* of Europe, that the term "Chelles-Acheul" is now used to cover this, our old "Stellenbosch" complex.

A feature of this hand-axe culture is the staggering length of time during which it satisfied early man's needs and aspirations here as well as elsewhere, and nowhere else does it appear in such abundance as in South Africa.

It is necessary for my later argument that, before leaving our Earlier Stone Age, I must mention an extension which has been established for it in our Northern Provinces, called the Fauresmith industry.

The kernel of this complex is a beautifully-made miniature hand-axe, and although as a whole this culture has no analogue in Europe, it has affinities with the Mousterian of Acheulian tradition (Neanderthal) culture of the European *Middle Palaeolithic*. The late Stellenbosch of South Africa with its Micoquian element and the Fauresmith appear therefore to provide a link between the European Lower and Middle Palaeolithic.

The South African Middle Stone Age is typically represented by the Still Bay industry, the characteristic implement of which is a lance-head, finely worked on both faces with a technique comparable to the Solutrean of the European *Upper Palaeolithic*.

In this respect, and with the addition of the later burins and crescents, the South African Middle Stone Age foreshadows the Neanthropic or upper part

Geography and Geology of the Site.—Mr. J. A. Mabbat, Lecturer in Geography, has studied and mapped out the present configuration of the terrain, and in the following note he gives a short description of its geology.

"Inland from Saldanha Lagoon, the ground rises to a sandy plateau at approximately 300 ft. above sea-level. Elandsfontein lies near the seaward edge of this plateau in the centre of the bush-covered expanse known as the Sandveld. Wind erosion has followed the destruction of vegetation on the farm, removing the surface sand, piling it as moving dunes and leaving the wind-scoured floors of the site (Figs. 11, 15-17).

"Between Elandsfontein and the sea is a belt of white, calcareous sand-dunes trending parallel with the coast. These white sandshave invaded the brown quartz sands of the Sandveld, and the fossiliferous exposures lie significantly at the zone of contact and intermixture of the two.

"The Sandveld is semi-arid, but the iron-staining and cementation of the brown sands (Fig. 16) at Elandsfontein indicate that the regional rainfall was once heavier. A more active drainage, obstructed by the advancing coastal dunes, would form a line of pans along their inner edge. It seems that such pans became the haunts of the animals and men who have left their records in the fossils and implements. The lime-rich sands of the pan floors would provide an ideal medium for the mineralization of the animal skeletons.

"Fossils and artefacts accumulated in a fairly definite horizon and were subsequently buried beneath a thin layer of silt marking the complete infilling of the

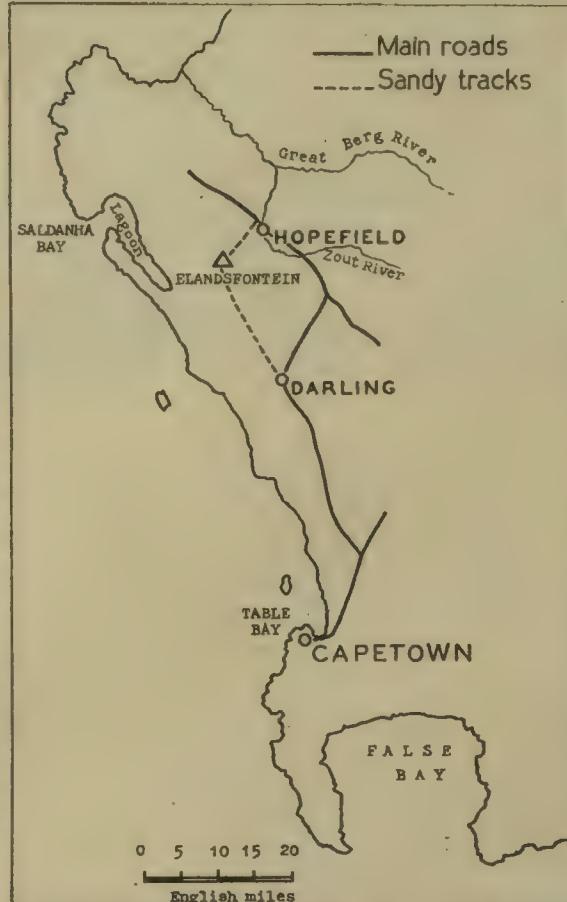


FIG. 2. A MAP OF PART OF CAPE PROVINCE, SHOWING HOPEFIELD AND ELANDSFONTEIN, THE FARM ON WHICH THE GREAT FOSSIL BED WAS DISCOVERED.

pans. The filling was probably aided by the onset of drier conditions, since the white dunes subsequently became capped by a thick surface limestone.

"This, briefly, is the history revealed by the surface deposits. Dating must remain tentative. Since the white, shelly sands overlie the 20-25-ft. raised beach at the coast near by, the coastal dune invasion and the fossils may well date from the subsequent regression. The 20-25-ft. beach may, from its altitude, relate to the Late Monastirian of the Mediterranean succession, thus providing an interesting if tenuous link with European chronology."

Archaeology of the Site.—Mr. Keith Jolly, Field Officer to the University, has been responsible for the collection of most of the specimens. In collaboration with Mr. A. J. H. Goodwin, he has also classified and reported on the stone implements as follows:

"The work so far has produced a valuable collection of stone implements pointing to the presence of Man on the fossil site from a late stage of the Chelles-Acheul to the peak of the Middle Stone Age. The presence of Hottentot pottery and other indications of the Later Stone Age appear to be superficial and fortuitous.

"A notable feature of the site is the complete absence so far of any indications of the use of fire. There are also a number of new occurrences, such as the presence amongst these

early cultures of crude bone implements shaped to

form chisels (Fig. 1).

"The cultures represented on the site are as follows: (1) Tools belonging to a late phase of the Chelles-Acheul (Stellenbosch) Culture occur all over the fossil-bearing areas (Fig. 3). Part of this material is so advanced as to suggest that it is a final expression of the Great Hand-axe culture, comparable either to Stellenbosch/V of the Vaal, or perhaps to the Fauresmith of the interior; (2) the Still Bay culture of the Middle

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 3 (ABOVE). TWO TYPES OF LARGER HAND-AXE FOUND ON THE HOPEFIELD SITE, THE ONE ON THE LEFT SHOWING FEATURES OF THE EUROPEAN MICOQUE TYPE.

FIG. 4 (LEFT). A SMALL HAND-AXE, AND (BELOW) A CLEAVER—REPRESENTING THE GREAT QUANTITY OF THE SMALLER LATER STONE TOOLS FOUND ON THE SITE.

of the European Palaeolithic. We have already seen that such Mousterian (Neanderthal) elements as are present in South Africa lie towards our Earlier Stone Age. Our Middle Stone Age therefore replaces the sudden change in Europe from a Neanderthal to a sapient culture by a series of cultural bridges.

The Later Stone Age of South Africa covers the activities of the Bushman and Hottentot and their immediate forerunners.

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COMPANIONS OF SALDANHA MAN: EXTINCT AND STILL EXTANT ANIMALS.



FIG. 6. IN THE CENTRE, THE UPPER JAW AND TUSKS OF A MODERN WART-HOG LEFT AND RIGHT ABOVE, THE HUGE UPPER MOLARS; AND (BELOW) THE LOWER MOLARS OF THE EXTINCT GIANT WART-HOG (*Mesocharus*).



FIG. 8. BELONGING TO A RARE, EXTINCT GENUS OF GIRAFFE (*GRIQUATHERIUM*): (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) TWO UPPER MOLARS, ONE PRE-MOLAR AND AN INCISOR TOOTH.



FIG. 9. SOME OF THE MANY FOSSILISED HORN-CORES IDENTIFIED AS BELONGING TO STILL-EXISTING SPECIES OF ANTELOPE. THE WHOLE OF THE SITE IS LITTERED WITH SUCH SPECIMENS.

Continued. Stone Age is distributed over the same areas and at the same levels as the Chelles-Acheul (Fig. 4). The absence, however, of burins, crescents and microliths makes it clear that we are dealing with a phase of the Middle Stone Age which preceded the use of these later artefacts. In this respect the Hopefield site has an advantage over all other open sites, where the Still Bay is found mixed with later implements. The archaeological importance of the Hopefield site, quite apart from its association with an extinct type of man, is very great indeed. The collections exemplify the transition from the Earlier to the Middle Stone Age better than any others which the writer has seen in the south-western Cape. The cores and debitage (or waste) strongly suggest a continuously evolving series rather than abrupt cultural stages."

The Fossil Fauna of the Site.—Professor J. A. Keen, until recently Senior Assistant in the Anatomy Department and now in the University of Natal, made a preliminary survey of the fossils, and the work is being continued by Dr. E. N. Keen and Dr. R. Singer, Senior Lecturers in the Department of Anatomy. In the following note they give an account of the fossils that

[Continued below.]

FIG. 5. THE FOSSILISED SKULL AND HORN-CORES OF AN EXTINCT BUFFALO (*HOMOIOCEROS BAINII*), WHICH HAD (IN THIS LARGEST SPECIMEN) A HORN SPAN OF OVER 6 FT.



FIG. 7. INCOMPLETE MOLAR TEETH OF AN EXTINCT ELEPHANT (*PALAEOLOXODON*), SURROUNDING (R., CENTRE) A MOLAR FROM A MODERN ELEPHANT. THE DIFFERENCES LIE IN SIZE AND ENAMEL PATTERN.



FIG. 10. SKULL AND HORN-CORES OF EXTINCT BUFFALO (*HOMOIOCEROS BAINII*), AS FOUND DISINTEGRATING ON THE SANDY SURFACE OF THE SITE. MANY EXAMPLES OF FOSSILS OF THIS SPECIES WERE FOUND. COMPARE FIG. 5.

Continued. have been retrieved from the site to date: "The assemblage of fossil material is remarkable for its abundance and good state of preservation. A few specimens have been brought in still imbedded in the limestone, but the great majority were collected loose and had already been burnished clean by the drifting sand. Some of the bones are near their natural colour, others are iron-stained. Differences in the degree of fossilisation occur, but the great majority are of stony hardness. The collection as a whole has a general resemblance to the fossil fauna of the Oldoway Gorge, in Tanganyika. The range of species already identified

includes a proportion of extinct and existing mammals (Fig. 9), which suggests a late Pleistocene date in terms of current African chronology. Of chief interest are the extinct horses, wart-hogs, extinct buffalo and a type of African mammoth (Fig. 7), together with a well-preserved set of teeth identified as an example of a primitive giraffe. Also represented are many examples of rhinoceros, hippopotamus, antelopes and tortoise, and, remarkably, only very few specimens of Carnivora—e.g., the hyena. To judge from the number of limb bones of horses which have been collected and which are still found on the site, it is clear that

[Continued overleaf, right.]

A NEW RACE OF PREHISTORIC MEN: THE SALDANHA SKULL FROM CAPE PROVINCE.



FIG. II. A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE MAIN SITE IN WHICH WIND EROSION HAS UNCOVERED A FOSSIL BED WITH REMAINS OF MAN, ANIMALS AND ARTEFACTS. THE ARROW POINTS TO THE GENERAL LOCATION WHERE THE SKULL WAS FOUND.



FIG. I2. A SIDE VIEW OF THE SALDANHA (OR HOPEFIELD) SKULL-CAP (LEFT) WITH, FOR COMPARISON, A CAST OF THE RHODESIAN (OR BROKEN HILL) SKULL, WITH WHICH IT IS CLOSELY RELATED.



FIG. I3. THE TOP OF THE SALDANHA SKULL (LEFT) COMPARED WITH A CAST OF THE RHODESIAN SKULL. THE BRAIN-BOX IS 10 PER CENT. SMALLER THAN THAT OF RHODESIAN MAN, 20 PER CENT. SMALLER THAN THAT OF NEANDERTHAL MAN.

Continued.
occasion Dr. R. Singer picked up a fragment of human skull several hundred yards away from the original find. This fragment had a recently-broken edge which fitted accurately a corresponding edge on one of the original pieces. Later expeditions retrieved additional fragments a few yards away from the spot on which the first pieces were found. Although some of the pieces had obviously been broken recently and were easily fitted together, others had their edges eroded by the wind-driven sand, suggesting that the skull must have been disarticulated a long time ago. Fortunately, however, there was no warping and sufficient interlocking at the sutures to enable us to build up twenty-four of the fragments into the skull-cap as it now stands. The bones vary in thickness in different regions, but on the whole they are very thick, reaching at their maximum the thickest of human skulls. The open, somewhat gaping sutures or seams between the bones indicate that the skull must have belonged to a young adult. The degree of fossilisation of the bones, which corresponds to that of some of the fossil animals, and the primitive nature of his anatomical features, suggest, however, that the skull is very old in point of time. Because the ultimate dating of the skull and of the associated cultures and fauna is bound up with the geology and history

Continued.
seems that not more than five isolated teeth from this genus have been discovered in Africa up to now. Similar types are known from the Siwalik Hills, in India, but they are classified under a different genus (*Sivatherium*)."

The Skull.—Early in January of this year Mr. Keith Jolly discovered contiguous pieces of cranial bone which proved to be the major part of the vault of a human skull. On a subsequent visit a considerable part of the sandy area in which the skull was found was systematically sifted to a depth of 2 ft., but nothing was found. On this

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. I4. A NEAR RELATION OF SALDANHA MAN: RHODESIAN MAN—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 14, 1925. THE RHODESIAN SKULL WAS FOUND IN 1921.

of the adjoining Saldanha Bay, it has been assigned the local title of Saldanha Man. The anatomical features of the skull are shown in Figs. 12 and 13, which are provided with a scale, so that I may dispense with detailed measurements in describing it. As the top of the skull, which is unfortunately all that is available for comparison, is so similar to that of the famous Rhodesian skull, it has been photographed in both pictures alongside a cast of the latter skull (Figs. 12-14). It should be added, however, that he seems to me to resemble still more his primitive distant cousin, Solo Man from Java (not to be confused with the much earlier Java Man). The most striking feature of Saldanha Man is his forehead, which recedes at the same angle as that of the Rhodesian and Neanderthal skulls. Only his right brow-ridge has survived, and it rivals in vertical height the massiveness of the Rhodesian *torus*. Its lateral span is only a little shorter and less sustained than in his compeer. The curve of the vault from before backwards reaches the same height in both skulls, but whilst it is uniform in the Saldanha skull, as it is in *homo sapiens*, it is dented behind the vertex in the Rhodesian one. This depression is a characteristic Neanderthaloid feature, so that its absence in Saldanha Man aligns him in this respect to Solo Man, who also shows this sapient trait. The region where the muscles of the nape of the neck get their attachment is fortunately partly represented in our skull, and it looks obliquely downwards and backwards. This indicates that the muscles pulled the base of the head obliquely backwards in that bent, crouching posture which is usually attributed to Neanderthal Man. On the other hand,

[Continued opposite]



FIG. 15. WHERE NATURE HAS DONE THE EXCAVATING FOR THE ARCHAEOLOGIST: PART OF THE FOSSILIFEROUS AREA NEAR HOPEFIELD, WITH SAND-DUNES RETREATING ON THE LEFT AND ADVANCING TOWARDS THE WORKING SCIENTISTS FROM THE RIGHT. (Photograph by Courtesy of "The Cape Argus".)



FIG. 16. THE SITE'S GEOLOGY ILLUSTRATED: IN THE FOREGROUND, WHITE SANDS AND SURFACE LIMESTONE (CALCRETE); AND (RIGHT) RIDGES OF DARK IRON-CEMENTED SAND (FERRICRETE).



FIG. 17. A TYPICAL ACCUMULATION OF FOSSIL REMAINS ON THE SITE, UNCOVERED BY WIND EROSION, BUT LIABLE TO BE RE-COVERED BY ADVANCING DUNES.

WHERE NATURE HAS TURNED ARCHAEOLOGIST: THE MOVING SANDS WHICH HAVE UNCOVERED A NEW PREHISTORIC MAN, AND HIS TOOLS.

Continued.

the more horizontal disposition of the nape region of the Rhodesian skull seems to indicate that this latter individual walked erect like sapient man (Fig. 14). The skull as a whole is slightly smaller than the Rhodesian specimen. This and the thickness of its walls take off from its internal capacity, measurements of which give the low figure of 1200 c.c. That is to say, this individual has a brain-box that is 10 per cent. smaller than that of the Rhodesian and 20 per cent. smaller than that of the average Neanderthal skull. The question now arises, have we succeeded in our search for Hand-axe Man? My reply to the imaginary quiz-master is that the answer depends on what is meant by Hand-axe Man, who continued to make these implements for by far the greatest part of human time. It could not be claimed that Saldanha Man made the Stellenbosch I.—IV. hand-axes, which are analogous to those of the Chellean and Acheulian periods in Europe, for these successions are not represented on the site. He can, however, in my opinion, be associated with the developed Stellenbosch V. hand-axes and/or with the pigmy hand-axes and cleavers which have been found so close to him. If he is denied this association, then there is no other assignation for him, because the remaining Middle Stone Age artefacts are mainly of a type which elsewhere

in South Africa have been attributed to later and more sapient types of men. [Since this was written, analyses of samples of bone from Hopefield, carried out by Mr. C. F. M. Fryd, in the Government Chemists' Department, London, have shown that the skull contains the same high amount of fluorine as the remains of *Mesochærus* and other extinct animals from the site. Dr. Kenneth Oakley, of the Natural History Museum, interpreting these results on the basis of data he collected, considers that they corroborate Professor Drennan's view that the skull is contemporary with the hand-axe industry.] The conclusion I have reached that Saldanha Man is the Late Hand-axe Man of Southern Africa does not appear to me to conflict with the recently-accepted association of the closely-related Rhodesian Man with an early Middle Stone Age culture. The Saldanha skull is, on the whole, more primitive than the Rhodesian one, so that he may be an earlier variety of this extinct African race. On the whole, the evidence seems to me to suggest that these two fossil men and the consecutive cultures which are associated with them present us with an example of parallel phylogenetic (racial) and cultural evolution.

The photographs (with one exception marked) are by H. S. Jager and G. McManus.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE ability of dogs, cats and horses to find their way home, over unfamiliar country and over considerable distances, has an abiding interest. Many stories have been told; many instances have been set on record in the Press; but the pages of the scientific journals are noticeably bare on the subject. This is in striking contrast to the tremendous volume



A DOG WHICH WAS TRANSPORTED IN A CLOSED VAN OVER A DISTANCE OF SOME FORTY MILES AND, ON BEING RELEASED, RETURNED HOME THROUGH UNFAMILIAR COUNTRY IN UNDER TWO DAYS: *EMS*, A DOG OF WOLFHOUND-SILVER FOX EXTRACTION, WHICH ON OCCASION SHOWED THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A FOX.

of literature devoted to the migrations of birds and their homing instincts. There is, however, at least one account of a series of carefully controlled and minutely documented tests which should put the matter beyond doubt in regard to dogs. These were carried out by Dr. Bastian Schmid and first published in the "Zeitschrift für Hundeforschung." They are also summarised in his book, "Begegnung mit Tieren," published in Munich in 1935, and translated under the title "Interviewing Animals" (George Allen and Unwin, 1936). It will be sufficient to mention the trials carried out with *Max*, a sheepdog of impure breed, living at Puchheim, near Munich.

The plan was to take the dog in a large basket, within a closed van, to Rinnerhof, some seven miles distant, and release it in country known to be unfamiliar to it. Moreover, whereas Puchheim lies in a plain, Rinnerhof is hilly, and the woods lying between the two places make it impossible to see from one place to another. Elaborate arrangements were made for the dog to be watched throughout the trial by observers who did not even know the dog's name. Careful note was to be kept of the dog's bearing, the way he held his tail, how far he held his nose from the ground, whether he followed trails or sniffed the air, his attitude towards the main roads, passing motor-cars, bicycles, human beings, other dogs, and so on. For this purpose all the observers were chosen for their long experience of dogs.

On October 23, 1931, *Max* was taken in the van—never having travelled in a motor vehicle before—and released at Rinnerhof at 9.35 a.m. Timidly and suspiciously the dog left the basket, scanned the unfamiliar landscape in various directions, but gave most of his attention to gazing in the direction of Puchheim. At first his manner appeared irresolute, but it was noticeable that he took no notice of the few human observers grouped around, nor of the barking of a near-by dog, and gradually it seemed that

DOGS' DEAD RECKONING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

he was gaining confidence. At the end of half-an-hour he moved off. He "avoided all the woods, with the exception of a small spinney into which he was forced by an approaching car—for he always did his best to avoid vehicles of any kind." He also avoided the farmhouses and villages as much as possible. It is noteworthy that as soon as *Max* reached the high road into Puchheim—territory with which he was familiar—his behaviour changed abruptly; he galloped with uplifted tail, to arrive home 1 hour 38 minutes from the time of release at Rinnerhof, including the half-hour of irresolution, having travelled 7½ miles.

Max was tested over the same course on November 7 of the same year, and again on September 28 of the following year, but these were more in the nature of tests of memory. The routes followed are given in the diagram, and it is of interest to see how much the three journeys differed.

The important points made by Schmid are: that the dog made no use of his important sense of smell; he could not use sight, except as a temporary influence, as when forced off a roadway by a vehicle; the district and route were entirely unfamiliar, as were all the observers keeping track of his movements. He came

being. Even so, there was no obvious sign of the dog sniffing the air, a characteristic canine trick.

The story of a similar test, carried out for an entirely different purpose, but bearing some similarity to Schmid's tests, although not so carefully documented, reached me recently. And the distance in this case was much greater, sufficient to rule out smell as the operative sense. The account, as given me by Mme. Roquerbe, concerns her dog *Ems*, which came from kennels in Stuttgart, the mother of which was from a wolfhound-silver fox cross. The time came when Mme. Roquerbe should go to Paris, and it was necessary to send the dog to her sister-in-law, Mme. Richard, living at Luynes, several miles outside Marseilles. *Ems* was then two-and-a-half years old, and had shown no sign of the fox-like behaviour which later emerged. At Luynes, *Ems* had as companion a bitch named *Dora*. Soon after his arrival complaints began to come in concerning him; that he was killing poultry. One day, for example, a farmer's wife appeared at the house with seven dead hens, and told of two others, half-eaten, near the hen-house. She also told how she had been compelled to restrain her husband, who had taken his gun, thinking he had to deal with either a wolf or a fox. His wife, on the other hand, had recognised the dog. Mme. Richard paid damages and informed her husband of the event.

An evening later, when *Ems* and *Dora* were making their way out through the boundary of the park, M. Richard followed them. He saw *Ems* approaching a hen-house, crouching to the ground in the manner of a fox, with *Dora* following a few paces behind. The hens made no sound to raise the alarm. *Ems* caught a hen, killed it and threw it to *Dora*, who proceeded to eat it, while he returned and killed several others, licking their blood, and all so quickly that M. Richard had not the time to intervene. Hard on this time, the two dogs disappeared for two days, and fearing that they may have been killed by a neighbouring farmer, Mme. Richard set enquiries on foot. On the evening of the second day the two came home, exhausted, covered with mud and with bleeding paws. They dragged themselves in, flopped down in their favourite place and did not move. The following day it was learned that a farmer had made up his mind that, since he was not permitted to kill the dogs, he would try to lose them. He enticed them into a closed van and drove them to Avignon, about 60 kilometres away, and there he let them loose in the countryside. This was entirely unfamiliar country for the dogs; they were transported there in a closed van, making the return journey in under two days over a distance of nearly forty miles. We may presume that neither sight nor smell would serve them in getting their bearings, unless they followed the trail of the van, which is difficult to believe.

Although I have earlier said that there is comparatively little to be found in the pages of scientific journals, it does not mean that the subject is being ignored. Several scientists in different parts of the world, notable among them being Dr. J. B. Rhine, of the U.S.A., are postulating an extra-sensory perception (ESP, for short), a form of telepathy, perhaps, but certainly

a sensory perception outside those normally recognised by zoologists. It is impossible to say that Rhine and his colleagues are wrong. In the homing and migration of birds, which have been subject to so much investigation, speculation and discussion, we have arrived at the point where the most authoritative pronouncement gives us no more explanation than that birds have an inherent tendency to fly in a certain direction under certain circumstances.



THE RESULT OF TESTS OF A DOG'S HOMING "INSTINCT" CARRIED OUT BY DR. BASTIAN SCHMID WITH A SHEEPDOG, *MAX*: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ROUTES TAKEN BY THE DOG—ONLY FOR PART OF THE ROUTE DID *MAX* USE THE MAIN ROAD, AND CLOSE OBSERVATION OF HIS BEHAVIOUR SUGGESTS THAT NEITHER SIGHT NOR SMELL WAS USED TO FIND THE WAY. ("A" MARKS THE STARTING-POINTS; THE PLAIN LINE=FIRST JOURNEY; CROSSED LINE=SECOND JOURNEY; AND DOTTED LINE=THIRD JOURNEY.)

to the conclusion that the dog found its way home using a sense of orientation. There is one weak point in Schmid's tests, that although the distance was seven miles, it cannot be ruled out that the sense of smell may have been used, that a familiar pattern of scents reached its nostrils, borne on the air from Puchheim. After all, a dog's sense of smell is something like a thousand times as acute as that of a human

MINQUIERS AND ECREHOU: THEIR SOVEREIGNTY IN DISPUTE AT THE HAGUE.



A MAP OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, SHOWING THE POSITION OF LES ECREHOU AND LES MINQUIERS, WITH RELATION TO JERSEY. (Copyright, "The Times.")

ON September 17 there began at The Hague, before the International Court of Justice, a case to which, as the Attorney-General, Sir Lionel Heald, said, Great Britain and France came "arm-in-arm." It concerns the sovereignty of two groups of islets in the neighbourhood of Jersey which from time immemorial have been the subject of disputes between fishermen. One group, Les Ecrehou, lies

[Continued below.]



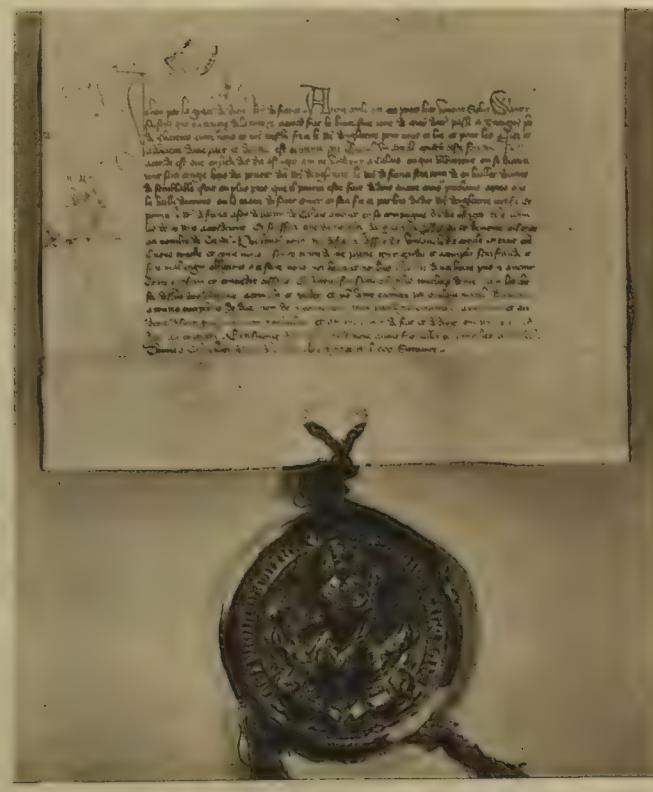
THE ROCKS AT LES MINQUIERS AT LOW TIDE. ONLY NINE PEAKS ARE VISIBLE AT HIGH TIDE, AND ONLY ONE, MAÎTRESSE ÎLE, IS HABITABLE. THE NAME, LES MINQUIERS, IS OFTEN ANGLICISED TO "MINKIES."



THE RUINS OF THE CISTERCIAN PRIORY ON MAÎTRE ÎLE, ONE OF THE THREE MAJOR ISLETS OF LES ECREHOU. FOUNDED FROM VAL RICHER IN 1203, BUT SUPPRESSED IN 1413.



ON MAÎTRESSE ÎLE IN LES MINQUIERS, SHOWING A BIRD TRAP SET UP DURING MIGRATION TIMES BY THE ORNITHOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE SOCIÉTÉ JERSIAISE, WHO USE THE ISLAND AS A BIRD OBSERVATORY. DURING THE WAR THE GERMANS HAD AN A.A. POST HERE.



A DOCUMENT OF KING JOHN, WHICH FEATURES IN THE BRITISH CASE. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Public Record Office.)

BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL COURT AT THE HAGUE. ON THE LEFT THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES, HEADED BY SIR LIONEL HEALD; ON THE RIGHT THE FRENCH, HEADED BY PROFESSOR ANDRÉ GROS.

[Continued.] north-east of Jersey, between the island and the Cotentin Peninsula of France; the other, Les Minquiers or the "Minkies," lies south of Jersey, towards Chausey. There are three sizeable islets in Les Ecrehou, Maitre Île, Marmoutier and Blanche Île. They were apparently inhabited in palaeolithic times and, in the Middle Ages, Maitre Île supported a small Cistercian Priory, but it is difficult to land on and now deserted, but there are houses on the other two islets. At low tide the extent

of Les Minquiers is larger than that of Jersey itself, but at high tide only nine peaks are visible, and only one, Maîtrisse Île, is habitable. During the war the Germans established an A.A. post here, and, to supply themselves with fuel, stripped the cottages of wood and left only bare walls. At the date of writing, learned pleading based by both sides on historic documents and ancient custom was still in progress before the Court under the Presidency of Mr. Guerrero.

EVENTS ABROAD: THE MACLEAN MYSTERY, AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.



(LEFT.) THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN A MYSTERY: MRS. MELINDA MACLEAN, WIFE OF A MISSING DIPLOMAT, WHO DISAPPEARED FROM GENEVA WITH HER FAMILY RECENTLY.

Mrs. Melinda Maclean, wife of Donald Maclean who with Guy Burgess disappeared on the Continent in 1951 and has never been traced, left Geneva on September 11 with her three children to spend a week-end in the Montreux area and did not return. It is believed that Mrs. Maclean went by train to Vienna and a ticket inspector remembers seeing a woman with three children in the train travelling from Zurich to Buchs, on the Austrian frontier, on the night of September 11-12.



(RIGHT.) AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH ONE PERSON WAS KILLED AND SIXTY-SEVEN INJURED: THE SCENE IN A CLEVELAND, OHIO, STREET AFTER A GAS MAIN HAD EXPLODED, RIPPLING UP THE ROADWAY AND DAMAGING A CAR.



BRINGING SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS: BRITISH TROOPS CLIMBING OVER THE RUBBLE WITH TENTS AT KONIA, NEAR PAPHOS, AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS. Earthquake shocks which damaged the Paphos area of Cyprus on September 10 were followed by further shocks on September 18, which caused several houses damaged earlier to collapse. Thousands of people have become homeless in the area, and one of the most urgent tasks of the Government was to provide shelter for these refugees. The Army, Navy and R.A.F. co-operated in bringing thousands of tents to the stricken villages.



A COMPULSORY SUNDAY-MORNING LECTURE FOR TRAFFIC OFFENDERS: ROAD SAFETY BEING DEMONSTRATED BY WEST BERLIN POLICE TO A CLASS OF ERRING MOTORISTS INSTEAD OF FINING THEM.



MARSHAL TITO (LEFT) GREETING HIS GUEST, FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY, AT ZAGREB, DURING THE LATTER'S VACATION IN YUGOSLAVIA. On September 15 Field Marshal Lord Montgomery arrived at Zagreb by air, for a vacation of a few days in Yugoslavia, as Marshal Tito's guest. Marshal Tito, who had left his summer retreat at Brioni, entertained the Field Marshal to dinner at Zagreb; and Lord Montgomery left the following day for Ljubljana.



SURRENDERS BY MAU MAU LEADERS: (LEFT.) A SELF-STYLED "GENERAL" KIHINYA AND HIS "ADJUTANT" ONEKO, SURRENDERING AT A GUARD POST NEAR NYERI. The Government policy of encouraging the surrender of Mau Mau terrorists is showing some results; and five terrorists who surrendered at Kinangop on September 16 reported that others wished to give themselves up. They were sent back into the forest and brought in fourteen companions.

A VISIT TO SARAWAK AND THE FORMER HEAD-HUNTING SEA DYAKS.

By IRIS DARNTON.

Mrs. Darnton is the well-known ornithologist and world-traveller who has contributed a number of interesting articles to "The Illustrated London News," including, more recently, a description of Yapahuwa, in Ceylon, and of the Kaieteur Fall, in British Guiana. The article on this page is illustrated by photographs taken by the author, and other photographs by Mrs. Darnton appear on pages 488-489.

SARAWAK, with its vast and impenetrable rain forests, its tumbled hinterland of mountain ranges, and its wide coastal belt of swamp, is still a land of mystery where, so far, the white man has made little or no impression. Kuching, the capital, lying in the extreme south-west of the country, on the right bank of the Sarawak River, is roughly the size of a small county town, with the *astana*, or "palace," of the Rajah Brooke, now the Governor's residence, facing the wharves on the opposite bank.

It is a town of narrow, rather picturesque streets, where its community of Chinese live their crowded, squalid lives—Chinese forming by far the largest number of the non-indigenous population. The indigenous people of Sarawak, the Sea Dyaks, the Land Dyaks and the other native tribes, live remote from all civilisation along the river banks, or in the uplands of the far interior. So if one wishes to see anything of these interesting and unspoilt people, one has to find a means of visiting them in their own environment. This is by no means easy, as there are practically no roads in Sarawak—even Kuching can boast of only 20 miles or so of motorable roads, whereas Sibu, the second largest town, has even less; and it was at Sibu that we intended to stay, for from here it would be possible to visit some of the Sea Dyaks in their famous long-houses, of which I had heard so much.

Fortunately, a short time before we arrived a small airstrip—like the proverbial pocket handkerchief—had been carved from the all-pervading jungle on the outskirts of Sibu, and here *Dakotas* touch down on their journey between Kuching and Labuan. From the air on our way from Labuan, we could see below us as we flew in and out of the clouds, a country entirely covered by heavy jungle, with here and there sluggish brown rivers winding back and forth in great curves, through a vast, unending carpet of monotonous green. At intervals, as we approached Sibu, we could detect small clearings near these rivers with in each a tremendously long dark grey building—the famous long-houses of the Sea Dyaks—but apart from these strange-looking dwellings, there was no sign of life or human habitation, nothing but the overhanging clouds and the crowding tree-tops.

Sibu is rather precariously situated on a flat water-logged island about 80 miles from the mouth of the Rejang River, which flows in a turbid, wide brown

and branches of great trees swept down from the forests, while the heavy rainfall sometimes causes the level of the water to rise as much as 30 or 40 ft. within a few hours.

When we arrived, the Rejang was burdened with a layer of sinister-looking débris, and it was some days before we managed to hire a canoe with an outboard motor to convey us to the Sea Dyak long-house which we had been advised to visit. As our little engine, tended by a Malay boatman, shot us, with a terrific roar, among the dark, hurrying tree-trunks, with their broken spear-like branches, the floor of the canoe on which we sat seemed remarkably thin and fragile for such hazardous conditions, for not only was the river about a mile wide, but it was also reputed



FACING THE WHARVES ACROSS THE SARAWAK RIVER: A VIEW OF THE ASTANA, OR "PALACE" OF THE RAJAH BROOKE, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, IN KUCHING, CAPITAL OF SARAWAK.

to harbour crocodiles! After a couple of hours of successfully dodging the tree-trunks—during which time we had acquired a certain amount of sang-froid—we turned up a narrow creek winding sinuously through the trees. Now, with our engine shut off and using our paddles, we entered an entirely different world, a world of silence and strange beauty, where the low, overhanging branches were mirrored with their lush burden of ferns and orchids with uncanny exactitude in the still waters below.

At last, through the trees, a hundred yards or so from the bank, appeared the long-house, with a crowd of children clustered at the water's edge, waiting with evident curiosity for us to disembark. These long-houses are all built on the same principle, varying only in minor details of construction and in length—the average probably being between 500 and 700 ft. long. Raised above the ground on tall piles, they are made entirely of wood from the surrounding jungle, lashed together with rotan, the tough and flexible stem of the climbing palm of the genus *Calamus*, which is as strong as any cord, the roof being either thatched with Nipah or Nibong palm, or neatly shingled with Bilian wood. They are all constructed with outer verandahs, used for drying the rice—which is the Dyaks' staple food—while a wide inner one, running the whole length of the house, serves as a communal room, where the children play and the men and women sit smoking and gossiping. Opening on to this long verandah are a succession of large rooms, each belonging to one family, while underneath are penned the pigs, who consume all the débris of the community.

The outer verandah of the long-house is reached by a number of steeply leaning tree-trunks, notched at intervals to form rough ladders.

As we approached one of these, surrounded by the children, we were met by the Penghulu's, or chief's, wife who advanced with quiet dignity to welcome us. At the same time, shot-guns were fired into the air and a large Union Jack was hung out in our honour. With my cameras and field-glasses hanging from my neck, my negotiation of the tree-trunk lacked the easy bearing of my hostess, who climbed it backwards, holding one of my hands to steady my somewhat uncertain ascent. When we reached the outer verandah we noticed several women occupied in spreading the new rice harvest to dry on large palm mats, while another was working a primitive but efficient huller made from a couple of

hollow logs. Entering the dark inner verandah we were now introduced to our host, the Penghulu, a Penghulu being the chief of a district who also acts as local magistrate and Justice of the Peace. We were then introduced to several of the older men and to the *Manang*, or witch doctor—a very important member of the community—who interprets the signs and omens which so influence the lives of all the indigenous people of Borneo.

Above our heads as we talked hung, like a gruesome chandelier, a collection of discoloured human skulls, suspended from the rafters by loops of rotan; these skulls being grisly reminders of the not-so-distant past, when the Sea Dyaks were famed as the Head-Hunters of Borneo, for although most of the other tribes indulged in head-hunting to a greater or lesser degree, the Sea Dyaks looked upon the collecting of heads as a sport or hobby—like football or stamp collecting—even going so far in their enthusiasm as to remove the heads from unborn children. When I remarked on one of the skulls being in better condi-

tion than the others, I was told, with commendable pride, that it had been removed from a Japanese during the last war. A few feet away, and in sharp contrast to these dangling trophies of the chase, a prim map of Great Britain had been pinned to the wall! The door into the Penghulu's room, placed in the centre of the long-house, opened immediately beyond the heads, and presently we were invited to admire his collection of jars and gongs. Apart from a small skylight—made from the only piece of glass the long-house possessed—the room was window-less, a door opposite the one we had entered, leading to the kitchen, where a wood fire burned on a slab of clay. In consequence, the room was unbearably hot and airless, but in spite of this, near the patch of sunlight which streamed through the skylight, lay the Penghulu's grandson, asleep on a pile of cushions. The far wall of the room was hung with several very fine hand-woven mats, below which were ranged lines of huge Ali Baba-like brown jars, some of the larger ones being decorated with a raised design of dragons and covered by jutting brass lids, while above these larger jars hung a collection of elaborately embossed gongs. Another wall was adorned with pages from a Kuching newspaper with illustrations of the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, helicopters and aeroplanes—some of the sheets being upside down! Gongs and jars, many of the latter being early Chinese and extremely valuable, are, together with the silver and gold ornaments of the women, the chief worldly possessions of the wealthier Sea Dyaks, the jars and gongs being handed down from father to son. The jars are used for storing the supplies of a very intoxicating drink known as borac or tapai, which all the indigenous people of Sarawak and North Borneo make from fermented rice, and after the harvest men and women settle down to consume vast quantities of this drink, to the accompaniment of music from the



"ABOVE OUR HEADS AS WE TALKED HUNG, LIKE A GRUE-SOME CHANDELIER, A COLLECTION OF DISCOLOURED HUMAN SKULLS, SUSPENDED FROM THE RAFTERS BY LOOPS OF ROTAN": A GRISLY REMINDER OF THE NOT SO DISTANT PAST WHEN THE SEA DYAKS WERE FAMED AS THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO.

Photographs by Iris Darnton.

gongs. So keen are they on converting their supply of rice into borac, that they frequently are almost on the verge of starvation before the next harvest comes round. As we strolled back to the comparative cool of the verandah, several attractive female members of the Penghulu's household settled down to entertain us with music. Their main musical instrument was composed of a series of small gongs of varying sizes hung from a long wooden frame. These, on being rhythmically tapped with short batons by the youngest member of the orchestra, produced a most delightful and melodious tune, this being accompanied

[Continued overleaf.]



"A TOWN OF NARROW, RATHER PICTURESQUE STREETS, WHERE ITS COMMUNITY OF CHINESE LIVE THEIR CROWDED, SQUALID LIVES": THE MAIN STREET IN KUCHING, CAPITAL OF SARAWAK.

flood past the town's little wharf and the huddled buildings of its low-lying bazaar.

Before the airstrip was made the river was the sole means of communication with the outside world, and it is still, like all the rivers in Sarawak, the highway of the neighbourhood, for with the complete lack of roads, all transport and travel is by water. Small steamers and launches navigate the lower reaches of the larger rivers, but higher up, where the waters are often broken by dangerous rapids, only *prahus* or narrow canoes can compete with the difficulties, and often these have to be portaged past rock- and boulder-strewn stretches of the streams. But even where the rivers are deep and wide, other drawbacks to care-free travel present themselves, for swirling along the surface, or coyly hidden out of sight, are the trunks

THE PEOPLES OF SARAWAK: SEA DYAKS AND A KELABIT WARRIOR.



AN ATTRACTIVE FEMALE MEMBER OF THE PENGHULU'S HOUSEHOLD: THE DYAK CHIEF'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

Continued from page 487.]

by a girl with a light drum and two others with larger and deeper-toned gongs. These gongs are all made in the neighbouring State of Brunei, as was the magnificent ceremonial sarong in which the chief's wife presently made her appearance, the silken tomato-coloured material being hand-woven, with a heavy design of pure silver thread. A wide corselet of silver clasped the lady's waist, while below this was a chased silver belt hung with a variety of silver coins; a broad hem of silver lace, finished with more jingling coins, completed this highly attractive outfit. These silver corselets and belts are hand-made either by a

[Continued opposite.]



WEARING HIS WAR COAT OF LONG-HAIRED GOATSKIN: THE PENGHULU (CHIEF) WITH HIS WIFE, WHO IS DRESSED IN A MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIAL SARONG.

Continued.]

the women, to the accompaniment of traditional ceremonies and customs. The patterns employed are very varied, although certain parts of the body seem to be generally tattooed with the same type of design, the shoulders, for instance, usually having a spiral enclosed within rosettes, while for the throat a twin pattern is used which stretches down to the collarbones. The fingers and hands of the men are only tattooed if their owners have taken a head, and when both hands are so adorned it gives the appearance of a pair of short, dark lace gloves. Our hostess, the Penghulu's wife, had her Christian name tattooed on her

[Continued below.]



THE DIGNITY OF OLD AGE AMONG THE SEA DYAKS: AN OLD WOMAN POSES FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Continued.]

community of silversmiths on the Upper Rejang or by Chinese silversmiths in Kuching, although some also come from Brunei. The chief, when he rejoined us, was arrayed for our benefit in his war coat of long-haired goatskin, his head being covered by a close-fitting cap of rotan, so finely woven that it was capable of even warding off the blows from a sharp-bladed parang, while to one side was a spray of the black and white tail-feathers of the Helmeted Hornbill (*Rhinoplax vigil*). Below his war coat his naked thighs were tattooed with flowing designs. This tattooing is widely practised among the Sea Dyaks and is usually performed by

[Continued centre.]



A VERY IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY: THE MANANO, OR WITCH-DOCTOR, WHO INTERPRETS THE SIGNS AND OMENS WHICH INFLUENCE THE LIVES OF ALL THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF BORNEO.



COMPOSED OF A SERIES OF SMALL GONGS HUNG FROM A LONG WOODEN FRAME: THE MAIN MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF THE SEA DYAKS, WHICH IS RHYTHMICAL TAPPED WITH SHORT BATONS.



WITH BOTH HANDS TATTOOED TO SIGNIFY THAT HE HAS TAKEN HEADS, PROBABLY DURING THE WAR: A SEA DYAK HEAD-HUNTER WITH TEETH INLAID WITH GOLD.

Continued.]

forearm, while I have seen several men also displaying this evidently modern fashion. Some of the men from higher up the Rejang had their upper front teeth inlaid with coloured enamels and gold, evidently the work of some enterprising wandering Chinese. The Sea Dyaks, like the other remote tribes of Borneo, are pagans, relying on omens and tribal superstitions for their guidance—the flight of birds and similar haphazard happenings, influencing



THE TYPE OF MEN RECRUITED AS TRACKERS FOR USE AGAINST THE TERRORISTS IN MALAYA: TWO SEA DYAKS FROM THE UPPER REACHES OF THE REJANG.



A MEMBER OF A TRIBE INHABITING THE REMOTE UPLANDS OF THE INTERIOR: A KELABIT ARMED WITH A PARANG, AND WEARING A WATCH FOR ITS PRESTIGE VALUE.

their lives and behaviour. The Rhinoceros Hornbill (*Buceros rhinoceros borneensis*), an enormous bird with a huge beak, surmounted by a fantastic, backward-curving casque, is associated with peace and forgiveness, and is a favourite subject for the wood-carver. The example which we photographed was approximately 8 ft. long by 3 ft. high, and was so highly stylised and elaborately decorated that it was quite difficult to make out the form of the

[Continued opposite.]

AT HOME WITH THE SEA DYAKS: THE LONG-HOUSE AND CHIEF'S ROOM.



INSIDE A SEA DYAK LONG-HOUSE: THE PENGHULU'S (CHIEF) ROOM, WITH A COLLECTION OF JARS AND GONGS RANGED ROUND THE WALLS AND HIS GRANDSON ASLEEP ON A CUSHION. THE JARS AND GONGS REPRESENT THE CHIEF POSSESSIONS OF THE WEALTHIER SEA DYAKS.



WITH A LARGE UNION FLAG (LEFT; CENTRE) HUNG OUT IN HONOUR OF THE ENGLISH VISITORS: THE SEA DYAK LONG-HOUSE.

Continued.

actual bird. The back of the hornbill supported a most complicated design of fishes, birds, monkeys and men, disposed among scrolls of foliage, while along the elongated tail a procession of quaint human figures disported themselves, one riding an unknown animal, meant possibly to be a horse. One of these figures was pointing a gun while he hung head downwards, his legs held across the shoulders of his flat-headed companion, while a depressed-looking individual with drooping moustaches, and clad in a striped football sweater, sat on the bird's shoulders, his fingers held



SERVING AS A COMMUNAL ROOM, WHERE CHILDREN PLAY AND THE MEN AND WOMEN SIT GOSSIPING AND SMOKING: THE INNER VERANDAH OF THE LONG-HOUSE.

in the mouth of one of the fishes. These comic little men evidently represented Europeans, but whether the carver intended them to be humorous is a moot point. The whole affair was gaily coloured in blue, green, red and yellow, the stand being formed of a serpent entwined round the hornbill's legs. Even after our short acquaintance with the Sea Dyaks, and in spite of their primitive lives and customs, we agreed with Rajah Brooke's "Hints to Young Officers in Out-stations"—"The natives are not inferior but different."



A RECENT visit to the Isle of Man put me into a proper frame of mind for an exhibition of Early Water-colours in Sheffield on the way home. Whatever our faults, we are, on the whole, a decorous people, and not easily provoked to extravagances of conduct. Looking back, I think the key to my mood must have been set by the enchanting little horse-drawn trams which clop-clop up and down the promenade at Douglas; they are at once gay and sedate, driven by apple-cheeked, middle-aged men with twinkling eyes and easy manners. The horses are inclined to somnolence, especially when changing over at the terminus, but like the rest of us, can rise to the occasion, as witness Alfred, who was sound asleep when a child in its mother's arms patted his head while a proud father got out his camera. "Come on, Alf," urged the driver, "'old yer 'ead up, Alf, and 'ave yer photo took," and Alf immediately raised his head, turned to the child and grinned with pleasure. I put it to you that most water-colourists clop-clop along as sedately as Alf, without striking attitudes or letting off fireworks, though, to be sure, they are not sleepy; not in themselves, that is. What they can do, however, unless they are very carefully selected, is to induce



FIG. 2. PAINTED TWO YEARS BEFORE THE ARTIST'S EARLY DEATH: "THE OUSE BRIDGE, YORK," BY THOMAS GIRTIN, A WATER-COLOUR WITH "GOLDEN TONES AND FINE, SENSITIVE OUTLINES." (13 by 20½ ins.)

somnolence in the spectator. This will no doubt appear heretical to the enthusiast, with his intimate knowledge of their achievements. To the not so knowledgeable amateur it will seem less outrageous, for he will have memories of more than one show in which he will have been exhausted by acres of wall-space occupied by what seemed to him painting after painting as tame as its neighbour. I know, of course, that the pleasure to be derived from any picture-show depends not merely on the quality of the exhibits, but on the quality of the spectator; you and I must bring something to it and not sit about like clods of earth. But that implies using one's own critical faculties, and not accepting with lamb-like acquiescence the judgment of other men—no, not even the pontifical and prejudiced opinions which sometimes creep on to this page.

The collection on loan at Sheffield needs no introduction to the elect. It has long been famous, and many drawings from it have appeared from time to time in the literature of the subject. In a very special sense of the word, it is unique, for the present owner is Thomas Girtin, Jnr., his father, Thomas Girtin, Sr., is, I am informed, engaged upon a life of the Thomas Girtin (1775-1802), and the collection was begun about the year 1830 by the artist's son, Dr. Thomas C. Girtin. Of the hundred-odd pictures on exhibition, no fewer than twenty-three are by Thomas Girtin himself, including

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FAMILY COLLECTION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the earliest dated example of 1791 (Fig. 1), when the artist was sixteen, and the mature "Ouse Bridge, York," with its golden tones and fine, sensitive outlines, of 1800, two years before his early death (Fig. 2).

All collections of any size contain a few amiable jog-trot horses like Alfred, to offset the bloodstock, and this one seems to me to include a few very judiciously chosen; and how good these lesser men can be once you get them in focus! They scale no heights, but bring to their work a quiet, restful honesty, and sometimes a very personal vision. To how many of us, for example, is R. B. Schnebbelie, who died in 1849, more than a name in a reference book? He appears in Mr. Oppé's catalogue of the Windsor Drawings as the author of four or five pieces of theatrical interest. I found myself astonished and delighted by a drawing by him of the year 1819 of the Fishmongers' Almshouses, Newington Butts—dark houses silhouetted against a bright sky—which seemed to anticipate the painting of the late Charles Ginner, with its love of bricks and mortar and feeling for pinks, blues, greys and blacks in a town atmosphere.



FIG. 1. THE EARLIEST-KNOWN DATED WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802): "ROCHESTER," WHICH WAS PAINTED WHEN THE ARTIST WAS SIXTEEN AND IS SIGNED "T. GIRTIN, 1791." (5½ by 7½ ins.)

Another little-known painter represented by a single drawing is Robert Hills (1769-1844), whose village snow scene, mysteriously like a Japanese print, stands out amid the great names of Girtin, Cozens, Cotman and De Wint as very nearly a minor masterpiece.

Just here you find yourself wondering whether, after all, you are not repeating the names of the great parrot-wise, having

at the catalogue, let the drawings speak for themselves, never mind about names, and check up afterwards. I have to report on this occasion, as on many others, I came to the conclusion that my pastures and masters were uncommonly shrewd in their assessment of merit—drawings by the famous are, in fact, outstanding in any company. Where it seems to me popular opinion is liable to go astray is in its lazy acceptance of the theory that everything by, say, Cotman is of equal merit just because it is by Cotman, although we all learnt long ago that Homer sometimes nods. Cotman comes particularly to my mind in this

connection. For Mr. Girtin has lent four admirable drawings by him (I should guess, chosen specifically to show his development), and the difference between the rather wishy-washy "Bolton Abbey" and the beautiful, subtle tones and firm outlines of the "Yarmouth Sands" (a very great water-colour indeed) is most marked; it is surely something which would have delighted Van Gogh. De Wint is represented by two marvellous pieces. Of all the indubitably great De Wint can be as sleep-inducing as any when seen in large numbers; here is a view of Snowdon and another of Middleham, Yorkshire, which make one wish he had travelled wider and more frequently.

The Girtins, as is fitting in this family collection, are a delight; two or three are no doubt little more than topographical drawings, but what a wonderful young man whom the gods loved! the nervous, fluid line, the delicate golden-browns, with accents of blue

from sky or a woman's dress, the impeccable gradations of tone. Next to him—no, co-equal with him—I think, J. R. Cozens, five noble drawings, each one of them well known, the earliest of Tivoli, done at Rome in 1788, the Lake of Nemi, of which other versions are known, and—not to write a catalogue—Fig. 3. Cetara, on the Gulf of Salerno. This, I take it, even in a photograph, speaks for itself. Rowlandson, to me, is not very well represented, but then this scallywag of genius, with his raffish background and occasional lapses into genuine poetry—in some of his landscapes, that is—is difficult to classify and, I suggest, is a trifle out of key in this kind of exhibition, in which men of great gifts are exploring the wonders of nature unaffected by the human comedy. No, "Rowly" lives and moves on a plane of his own, waging guerilla warfare upon the follies of mankind; he touches beauty, but by the backstairs, and the high seriousness of his contemporaries is not for him. The others? A dozen or so, all competent, many singularly gifted. Have you ever heard

of William Alexander (1767-1815)? He was in China in 1800, and his View near the City of Tientsin is delightful—and so is Greenwich from Deptford, with boats in the foreground, by Joseph Farington, R.A. (1747-1821), who, in his modest way, can stand by himself as a draughtsman, though we remember him mainly because of his diary, with its wealth of Academy gossip.



FIG. 3. ONE OF FIVE MAGNIFICENT DRAWINGS BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS (1752-1797), IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE GRAVES ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD: "CETARA, ON THE GULF OF SALERNO," SIGNED ON THE MOUNT "JNO. COZENS, 1790." (Water-colour. 14½ by 20 ins.)

Illustrations reproduced by courtesy of the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield.

been bludgeoned into acceptance by two or three generations of advice by your elders and betters; so you try to clear your mind of prejudice and look about you as if you had never heard of them before—as if you had spent your life driving Alfred up and down the promenade. One of the pleasures of this kind of exhibition—don't look

THE GORDON AND GOTCH CENTENARY, AND OTHER HOME NEWS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE NEW CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT PLAYS HIMSELF INTO OFFICE: COLONEL J. INGLIS, OF GRANGEMUIR, DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE AT ST. ANDREWS.

On September 16 Colonel J. Inglis, of Grangemuir, Fife, played himself into the office of captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club by driving from the first tee at St. Andrews with all the traditional ceremonial of this annual occasion. The professional, Willie Auchterlonie (left), teed the ball and the lucky caddie who retrieved it was duly rewarded with the customary gold sovereign.



GORDON HOUSE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTORS, MESSRS. GORDON AND GOTCH, LTD., NOW CELEBRATING THEIR CENTENARY. Gordon and Gotch, who ship overseas 70 per cent. of Britain's total exports of newspapers and magazines and manage a large proportion of the nation's overseas trade in books, are now 100 years old, having begun business at a market stall in Melbourne in 1853, and are celebrating their centenary in early October with a memorial luncheon in London.



A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN THE LONDON RIVER: THE THREE-MASTED DANISH TRAINING-SHIP DANMARK AT GREENWICH EN ROUTE UPSTREAM FOR TOWER BRIDGE, WHERE SHE DOCKED ON SEPTEMBER 20.



POPULARISING "NARROW BOAT!" PLEASURE CRUISES ON LONDON'S CANALS: VISCOUNT ST. DAVIDS TOWING EVELYN NEAR PERIVALE WITH A TRACTOR APPROPRIATELY PAINTED WITH THE TRADITIONAL CANAL-BOAT FLOWER DESIGNS.



A BRONZE-AGE GOLD BRACELET, ABOUT 3000 YEARS OLD, DUG UP BY CHANCE ON A FARM IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE—WITH A HALFPENNY FOR SCALE.

This gold bracelet, weighing about an ounce, was found by Mr. Alan G. Wood, while digging at Thorswood House Farm, Stanton, Staffs, about 2 ft. 6 ins. below the surface. It has been identified at Derby Museum as of the late Bronze Age and as about 3000 years old.



A VERY RARE CATCH ON ROD AND LINE: THE 7 LB. 4 OZ. WRECK-FISH (STONE BASS) LANDED BY DR. N. S. R. LORRAINE OFF LOOE, CORNWALL.

The wreck-fish, or stone bass, is a very rare visitor to British shores and it is believed that one has not been caught on rod and line for a great many years. This specimen was landed by Dr. N. S. R. Lorraine while he was fishing for shark about seven miles off Looe, Cornwall.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE average group of novels will arrange itself, but now and then there comes a lucky, difficult occasion when one can waste a lot of time simply debating what to start with. It would be no solution to toss up; the only thing is to stop worrying, and take a mental plunge. This time I have come up with "Monsoon Quarter," by Marion Lowndes (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). And now the question is decided, I can see how it came about. All the three starters have unusual merit, each in a quite distinct and none of them in a big way. But "Monsoon Quarter" is, for snobbish reasons, an unlikely choice. Almost, it could be set down as a thriller—or, at least, "thriller-type." And then besides, there is a streak of the naive and crude, not in its management but in its outlook. Yet all the same, this is the story one would mention to one's friends, urge them to read, and then go on to spoil by stuffing them with bits and pieces. So why take up a different attitude in print?

The scene is the extreme edge of New Guinea—out on the "Bird's Head" and beyond, where it is "always hot and always green." No place, as everyone insists to Temple Jarvis, for "a woman alone." She had been going with Hal on his next trip—he was a parasitologist, working on tropical diseases; and now, a year after his death, she is going anyway. It will be something salvaged from the void; and she had put in quite a lot of study, and even learnt Malay. So, in due course, an ancient mail-boat lands her at the tiny settlement of Manokwari, which is the last point in its run. There she is perfectly content for months. And finally Kurt Long drops in, small, spry and toothless as a baby, crackling with intellect and charm, and even more impressive than she had expected. For she has heard of Kurt—a Danish nobleman living three days from the world's end, speaking five languages, dressing each day for bully beef and rice, and, after fifteen years, as sprightly and untrivial as ever. Now she may find out how he does it. The mail-packet has broken down, and will be three months late; meanwhile her bungalow is needed, and Kurt offers her hospitality.

Telor, she finds, is like the isle of a magician, with the Papus as elementals. Order and beauty are unflawed; day follows clockwork day—and yet, as time goes on, somehow the visitor is ill at ease. Kurt may be a giant thinker of imperial blood, but he is somehow terribly oppressive. And despotic, too; and plainly getting to dislike her. And then she stumbles on the truth: he is quite mad. He is, in fact, a raging paranoiac.

The one big blunder is the story of his grandmother and the Archduke, which we are not, apparently, supposed to laugh at, and which is far too corny for a lunatic of powerful mind. But if there were no Kurt at all, only the scene, the life and anecdotes of "Papuanland," that would be quite enough for fascination.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Orchid House," by P. Shand Allfrey (Constable; 12s. 6d.), is by comparison old ground. It takes us no further afield than the West Indies—once more to a small island, where the "high families" are English, but the vulgar tongue is a French *patois*. However, Lally, the narrator, was born in Montserrat; she is an English Negress and a Methodist. Now she is past her work, and, anyhow, the babies have all gone. Miss Stella, the first girl, went to America, and married a young German farmer. Miss Joan, in England, picked a crusading Socialist without a job. But for Miss Natalie, the lucky one—who took an old man for his money, and is now gaily spending it in Trinidad—the family would be poor whites. Master came back a ghost from the First War; and ever since, everything he or Madam could scrape up has been devoured by H. Lilipoulala, Cigarette-Merchant—the "evil spirit wrapped in a banana skin." But when Miss Natalie was widowed, she paid their debts and bought them Old Master's estate. And now all three are coming home, each of the poor ones with a little boy. Of course, old Lally must look after them, tumour or not. The family are her whole life; and what they don't confide, she will be in on just the same, like a "black shadow."

This is the story of their visit. They arrive one by one; and each hands over to the other, until all is changed, though not precisely as they meant. It is a tender, vivid little book, with an enchanting background; but its first beauty is the natural poetic tone.

"The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," by Charles Terrot (Collins; 10s. 6d.), sounds rather ghastly, I admit. The subject is exactly as announced. In the East End, on a wet Monday afternoon, an Angel—or, at least, a young girl of surpassing loveliness, white-robed and golden-haired, and with a full-sized harp beside her—appears in Mr. Webman's shop, and asks Len Burrows, his assistant, for a small advance. She is on holiday, and has lost all her money on a dog.... Len is, of course, struck all of a heap; and Mr. Webman, against his principles and resolution, lets her have £20. And after that she keeps appearing off and on, mixing in everybody's dreams, and somehow doing them all a bit of good—especially young Len, who was a hapless, gawky specimen when she turned up. The whole thing is unblushing fairy-tale; and I can only add that it comes off. Partly because of its substantial merits—the loose, ingenuous plot, the comedy and homespun charm; but still more by its lack of stress. Nothing is dwelt on for a moment; everything simply flows along.

"Third Party Risk," by Nicolas Bentley (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), introduces Philip Geiger, a young unmarried author fond of a quiet life. Instead of which, he takes a seaside holiday in France, and falls immediately among the thugs. What happens there is just a slight confusion of identity. But he is left with a mysterious envelope in charge; and, calling at a flat in Bayswater to give it up, lights on a rather compromising body. In this predicament, no thriller-hero ever rings up the police; he has to get himself in a worse jam. Geiger is not just true to type, but leaves all precedents behind; and his adventures on a misty towpath and a railway line, and in a sinister, deserted warehouse, are all the action-addict could desire. Myself, I like to have a faint idea what is going on. But there are some bright spots, even for me: the secret of the fatal envelope, for instance, the good décor and the uncommonly good style.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE HIGH SEAS.

IF there were ever a period when it would have been more than usually inadvisable to run away to sea at the age of thirteen, I should guess that it would have been the period of the Napoleonic Wars. Yet that is what "Landsman Hay" (Rupert Hart-Davis; 15s.) did—there is very little of the landsman about his reminiscences, edited by his great-granddaughter, Miss M. D. Hay—and although in the end he made his escape, his nine years or so on the ocean wave seem to have been not only tolerable, but even moderately enjoyable. The whole tone of the book is most surprising. No doubt many of his fellow-sailors of the lower deck were traditional enough, tumbling about in the scuppers full of grog, but many others were serious-minded, bent on improving their own minds and that of young Robert Hay, while as for the officers, their morality is so earnest and their benignity so overwhelming that the book might almost have carried a sub-title: "Mr. Fairchild in the Wardroom."

Mr. Hay's father, who caught up with the fugitive boy when it was too late to prevent him from going on naval service, starts in quite the right key. He "charged me sedulously to avoid drunkenness and swearing, two vices very prevalent in the sea-faring profession (sic), and into which youth are very apt to fall when exposed to their baneful example. . . . At parting he delivered me a Bible and charged me very strictly never to be without one." Certainly a boy at sea had to be able to take his whack in those days—in every sense of the term—for Robert came in for some sound thrashings as well as for much hard liquor. At the age of sixteen he did, alas! get so drunk as to be insensible, but the next day he confessed all to the Admiral's secretary, Mr. Locker, whose servant he then was. Mr. Locker improved the occasion "with all the authority of a master, joined to the tender love and kindly solicitude of a parent." This vice "will assuredly, Robert," said he, "dissipate the fortune, impair the health, injure the character, blast the worldly prospects, and what is infinitely of greater moment, destroy the soul of every one who adds himself to it." It was Mr. Locker who, on parting, presented Robert with "an elegant copy of Watts' Improvement of the Mind and some volumes of Pope's Works." Other officers, including Admiral Collingwood, were almost equally benevolent, so that at times we might feel that we were on board a Select Academy for Young Gentlemen, instead of a British man-o'-war. But Robert had adventures in plenty, visited the East and the West Indies, saw some active service, and was involved in a wreck—from which he was careful to save his copy of "Watts' Improvement of the Mind." His description of life at sea, and of the curiosities he met in his travels, is pleasant and ingenuous. The Book Society has been very well advised to recommend this volume of disarming memoirs.

Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C. and bar, may inherit the traditions of the Royal Navy of the Napoleonic Wars, but he is an officer of an altogether different temperament from those who watched with nursemaid-like care over the morals and intellect of young Robert Hay. In "Unbroken" (Frederick Muller; 12s. 6d.), he tells the story of the submarine of that name which he commanded in the Western Mediterranean in early 1942. *Unbroken*, of only 600 tons, had a prodigious record, sinking over 30,000 tons of shipping, including two heavy cruisers in a single attack, and taking part in four secret operations. Although herself subjected to innumerable attacks, including some 400 depth-charges, she remained "Unbroken"—though on one occasion, as someone charmingly put it, her name ought to have been changed to "Badly Bent." Mars—it would have been more polite to give his rank, but I cannot find it quoted—can write, and write well. He makes us feel, without labouring the point, how different life on a submarine is from that on any other ship: "Within a very short space of time everyone, from the Captain to the most junior Ordinary Seaman, would know everyone else's habits, idiosyncrasies, loves, hates, birthmarks, town of origin, pre-war job, favourite swear word, political and religious beliefs, sex life and innermost thoughts. Rhapsode, if you like, on what a happy band of brothers this made us—and to a degree you would be right—but I knew the inevitable time would come when a man's prayer to God would be in effect: 'Please let me be alone for just five minutes, and then let me see a change of face.' " The author is a man of exceptionally strong personality—as is essential, I imagine, for any successful submarine commander. At the beginning of the book I found myself sharply irritated by the tone of his "pep-talk" to his crew. This man, I told myself, is arrogant, noisy and vain; he shouts and he struts. Of course, I was quite wrong, but although it took me some pages to get over the false impression, his crew produced the right reaction immediately. In every mess they pinned up copies of a newspaper advertisement for Mars Bars. "It said, as I remember: 'Nothing but the best is good enough for Mars'!" As I got deeper into the book, and began to know and appreciate the author better, I realised that I was dealing with that rarest of birds, an almost wholly objective writer.

Mars has the faculty of observing even his own reactions at moments of stress with a candid and ruthless objectivity. It is a quality which goes far towards making this a really great book.

We return now to the high romance of the sea, with Alan Villiers' "The Cutty Sark" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), which has an introduction by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. This greatest, and last, of all the clippers has had a wonderful history, including murder (or manslaughter) and mutiny on board, spars and sails crashing in a storm at sea, and a captain—Captain Woodget—whose name has made sailing history. Last year a *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society was formed to preserve this great ship "as a lasting tribute to the Merchant Navy." I hope this book will help the good cause mightily.

To end this wholly seafaring column, I recommend "Come and Sail," by John Scott Hughes (Museum Press; 18s.), to all lovers of yachting. The book contains much technical information—Mr. Hughes believes that to a large extent seamanship can be learnt from books—but the style is so good and the anecdotes so lively that the non-expert can enjoy it thoroughly.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

P. S. MILNER-BARRY, though eternally unsuccessful in his quest for the British Championship, has, like his lifelong friend, C. H. O'D. Alexander, who has won it once, played some beautiful chess through the years and secured some redoubtable scalps. His games often have a massive beauty, as attractive as any British player can produce: he is, in fact, one of those rather unfortunate people we encounter in every sort of contest, whose style is just one grade higher than their results.

Here is a characteristically impressive win from the latest tournament at Paignton:

QUEEN'S PAWN, BOGOLYUBOV DEFENCE.

P. F. COPPING P. S. MILNER-BARRY P. F. COPPING P. S. MILNER-BARRY
White Black White Black
1. P-Q4 Kt-KB3 3. Kt-KB3 B-Kt5ch

This is commonly considered third best here to either 3... P-Q4! or 3... P-QKt3, mainly because the advantages of this sortie are minimised when White's QKt can go to Q2; for instance, there is no possibility of White being saddled with doubled pawns after an eventual... B×Ktch.

4. QKt-Q2 P-Q3 5. P-QR3 B×Ktch
I should rather expect 6. Kt×B now, forestalling the frolic which ensues.

6. B×B Kt-K5 9. B-Kt2 Castles
7. Q-B2 P-KB4 10. B-B3 Q-K1
8. P-KKt3 Kt-Q2 11. Kt-Q2

See the last note. How much time this manoeuvring has wasted is horrible to contemplate.

11. Kt×B 13. P×P P×P
12. Q×Kt P-K4 14. Q-R5

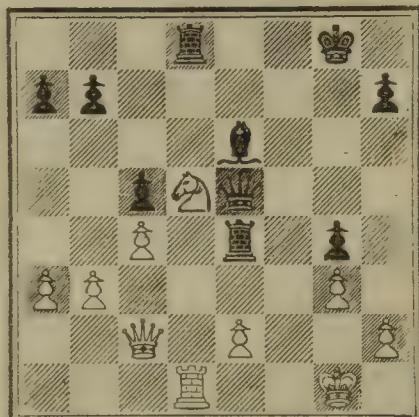
The idea being that if Black were so foolish as to protect the attacked QBP by 14... P-QKt3, he would lose a rook by 15. Q-Q5ch.

A fruitless sortie!

14. P-B3 17. KR-Q1 B-K3
15. Castles (K) P-K5 18. Q-B3 Q-R4
16. P-B4 Kt-B3 19. R-K1

In other words, he played the wrong rook two moves ago. On such losses of time are chess defeats founded!

19. QR-Q1 23. QR-Q1 P-B4
20. Kt-B1 R-Q2 24. Kt-K3 P-KKt4
21. P-Kt3 KR-Q1 25. R-KB1 P×P
22. Q-B2 R-Q5 26. R×P Kt-Kt5!
White's knight is chained to the defence of Q1!
27. R×Ktch P×R 29. Kt-Q5 R×B!
28. B×P Q-K4 Resigns



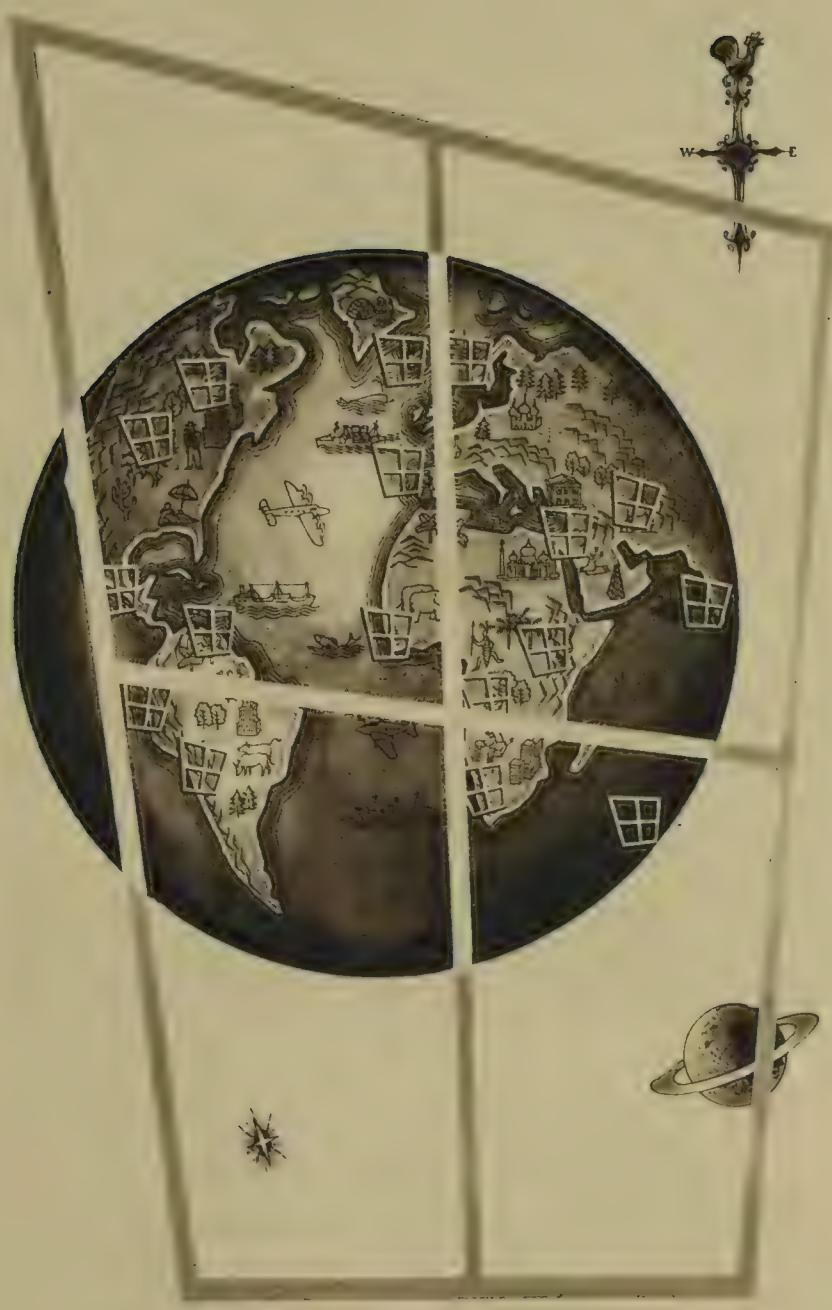
for 30. Q×R, on which White had probably banked, leaves him a rook down in the end: 30... Q×Q; 31. Kt-B6ch, K-B2; 32. Kt×Q, R×Rch. Too bad!

wholly objective writer. Mars has the faculty of observing even his own reactions at moments of stress with a candid and ruthless objectivity. It is a quality which goes far towards making this a really great book.

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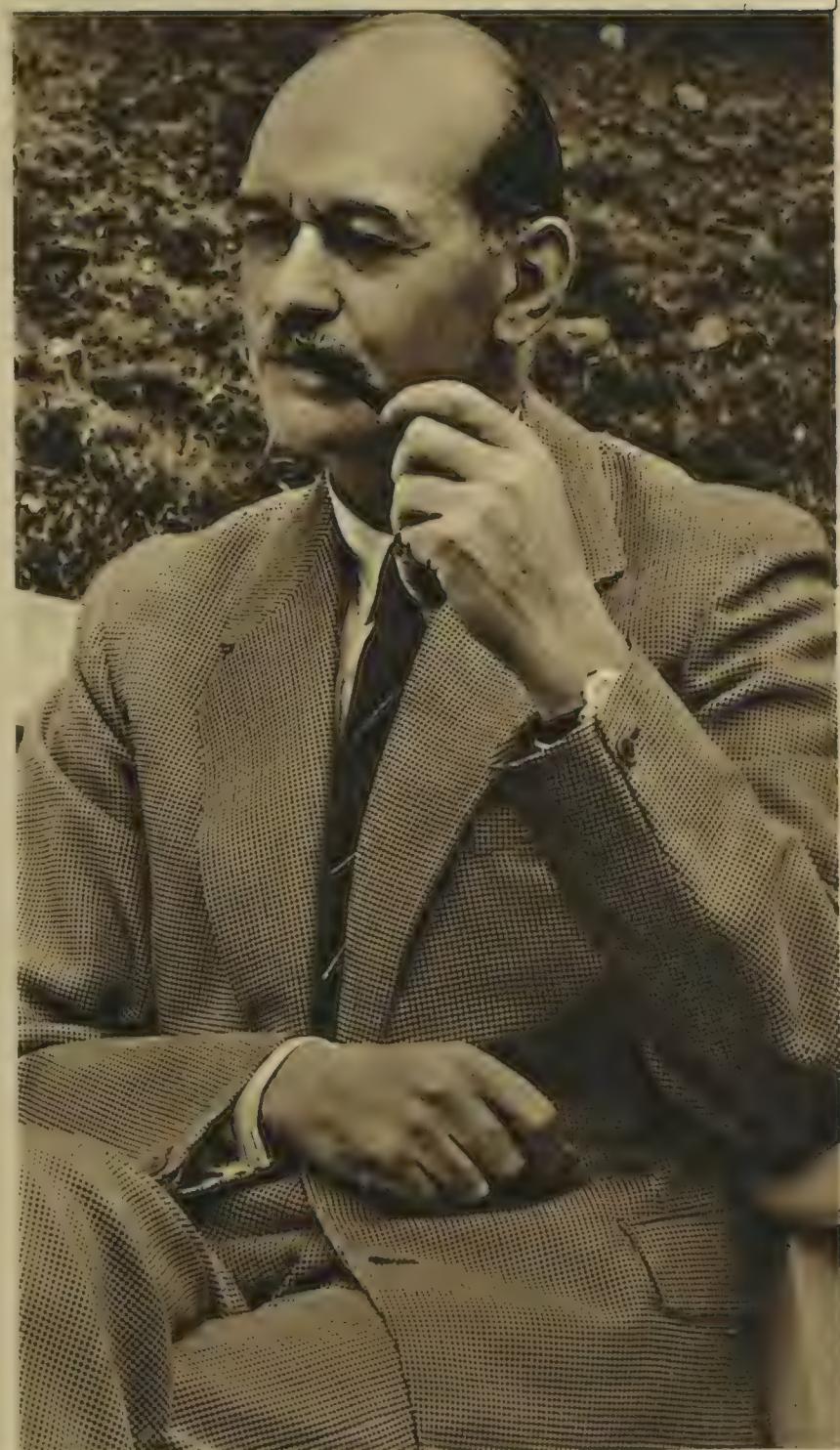


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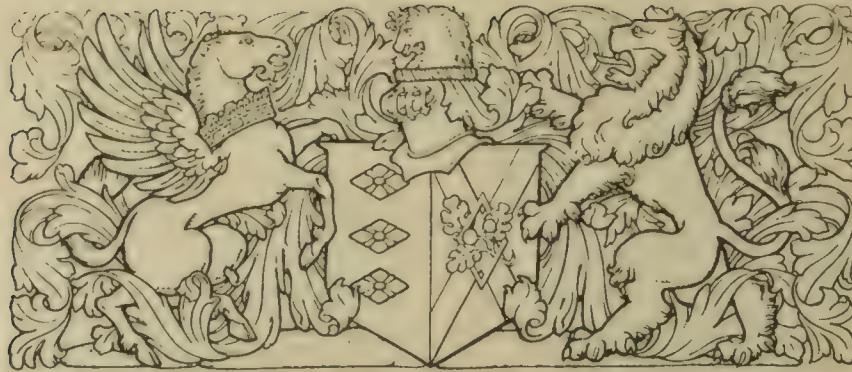
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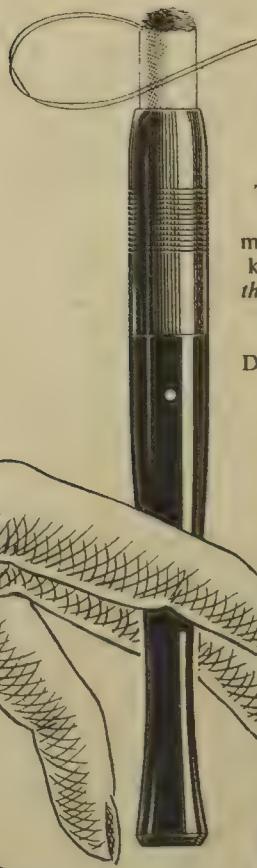


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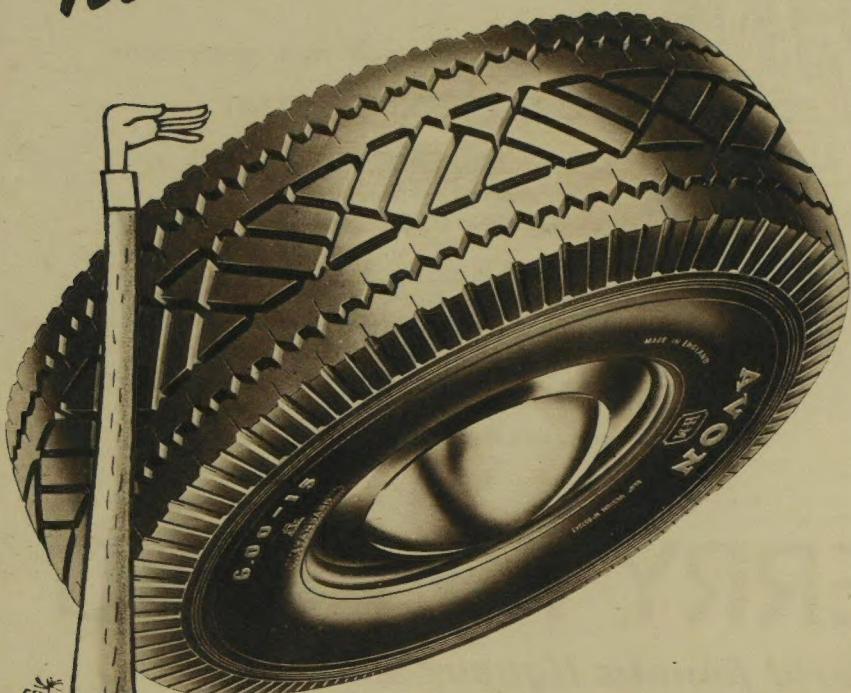


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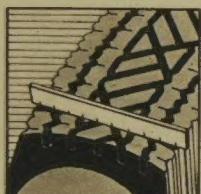
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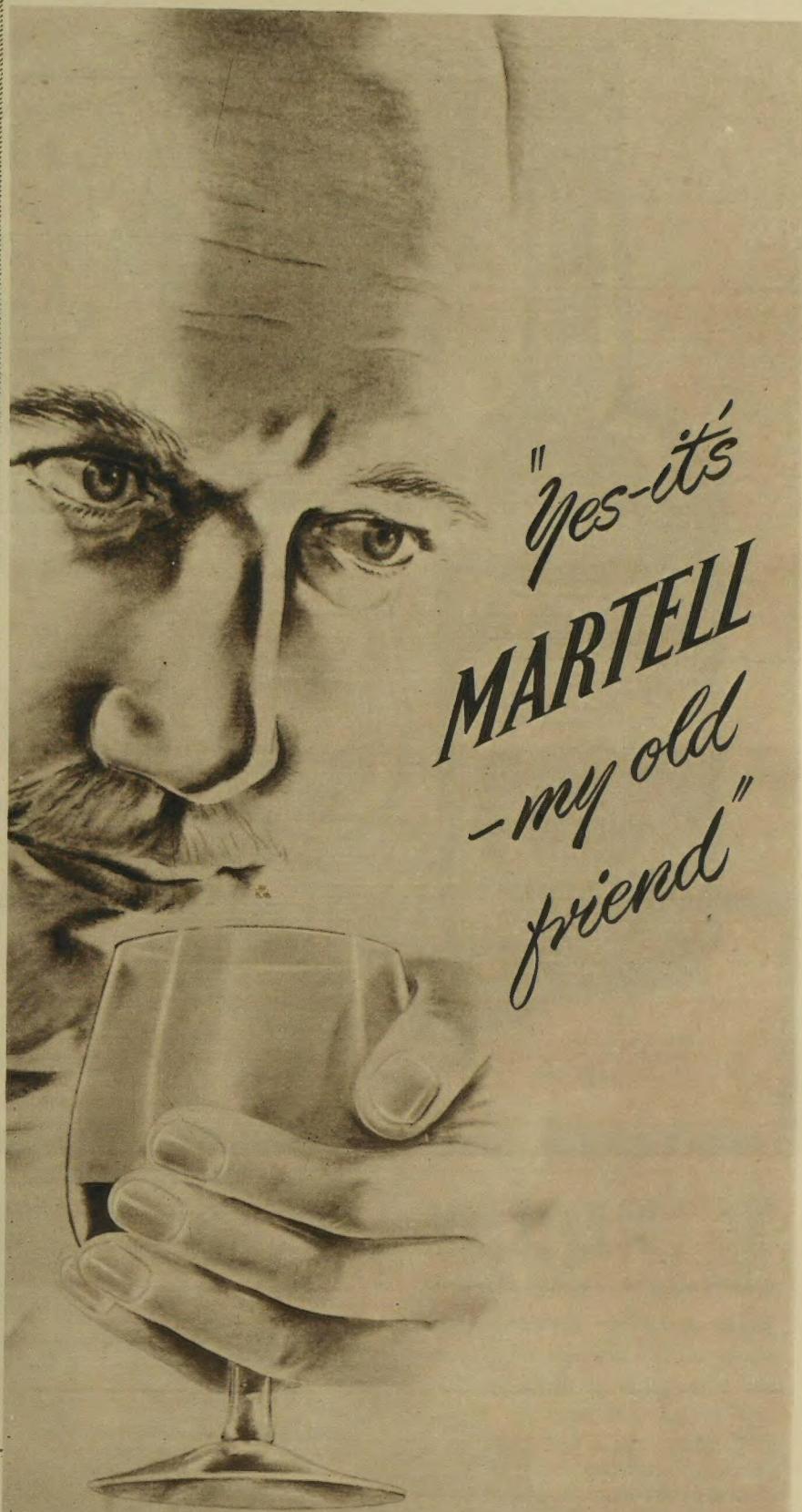


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